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LITERATURE.

Lives of Twelve Good Men. By John William Burgon. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

This is a quaint delightful book by a quaint delightful person. The late Dean of Chichester was one of the few to whom it is given to make a joke and see a joke and to be a joke; and he took an intelligent interest in some of the most interesting aspects of a very interesting time. He takes us into the thick of the generation that flourished at Oxford before the Commission of 1854—when men knew their chosen classics intimately and accurately, and formed their views for themselves with such help as these gave, and never dreamt of the organisation of knowledge or of the splendid panorama that spreads itself before the student till the moment comes to elect between burying himself deeper and deeper in his private pit in the province of Eldorado (with little chance that he will emerge with undimmed eye to rebehold the stars), or ranging from one specular height to another over the barren steeps of Pisgah, with perhaps the option of fetching and carrying between the different mines of gold and bædellium and onyx stone.

It is impossible to read the memoir of Hugh James Rose, who is claimed as the true founder of the Oxford Movement, without thinking how much more clearly controversialists nowadays discern the points at issue, and how much more vigorously and fruitfully they were handled then in the haze of battle, which magnified and distorted so much, when brave men often beat the air, and the blows that told fell sometimes upon friend as well as foe. Rose apologised for not reviewing a sermon of Pusey's in the *British Magazine*, on the ground that he did not understand it himself and did not know of any contributor who would. His scheme for a revised and abridged Fleury (in twenty volumes instead of forty-three) is almost as quaint as Dean Burgon's verdict that *The Arians of the Fourth Century* (the history of which is already said to be obsolete) is the work by which Newman will be remembered. And Rose was in earnest about it. He thought the work ought to be got out at once for the instruction of the clergy and the correction of the laity, without waiting for an original history to undo the mischief that was being done by Waddington. And yet, till he was finally crippled by illness, Rose was really the worthy head of the orthodox clergy. He lived to acknowledge the superiority of Pusey and Newman—and no doubt in speculative and spiritual insight they were his superiors; but his long and weighty letters in the crisis of 1836 show that he grasped the situation, and saw his way more clearly than any man on his side at the time. Dean Burgon's account of this

crisis is intrinsically the most important part of his work. The true turning-point of the Oxford Movement was when its leaders rejected Rose's entreaties to confine themselves to pouring in patristic lights through our own "windows." He wished not to revive the past, but to show that the present had its roots in it, to accumulate patristic evidence in support of the actual practices and claims of his own historical church, not to inquire into the contrasts that might be drawn between it and the undivided church. It obviously never occurred to him that, however the third century might differ from the thirteenth, or the fifteenth from the fifth, there were important points in which all agreed against the Elizabethan or even the Caroline divines; or rather, he was convinced that no such points could be important. He maintained with sublime hardihood that the Reformers indeed had to recover the truth by investigating Scripture and antiquity; but that the work was done once for all—those who came after had only to defend and expound. Without understanding Newman he criticised him effectively. He singled out a complaint (which proved that the complainant did not yet understand himself) of the disuse of exorcism in baptism, and observed that it would be more reasonable to be thankful that possession was now unknown. In general he regarded Newman's discontent as a form of "romanticism." It was no fault of the Church of England not to satisfy "the imagination of enthusiastic, ascetic, and morbid-minded men." The movement of 1833, which claimed Scott for its precursor, was, among other things, the ecclesiastical side of "romanticism." It was this and nothing more to the spurious Tractarians who are caricatured in *Loss and Gain*. It does look rather like Nemesis that a controversy which shook Oxford and stirred England should have died away into a drawn battle over the "Ornaments Rubric." Dean Burgon's intimate relations with Rose's surviving brother enable him to bring out his historical significance very clearly. Perhaps the most significant personal trait is his admiration for Archbishop Howley, whom he knew as domestic chaplain, and venerated as embodying the perfection of Christian wisdom.

Dean Burgon is less successful in dealing with Mansel, who, after Rose and Bishop Wilberforce, is the most important figure in his book. Everyone of the twelve good men has his peculiar title, and Mansel is the "Christian Philosopher." This is confusing; Mansel was certainly a Christian and probably a philosopher, but the philosophy and the Christianity stood in something like the relation of a Polynesian double canoe. They did not interpenetrate each other as they did in Butler. The famous Bampton Lectures on "The Limits of Religious Thought" were, like most Bampton Lectures, an improvisation, though a singularly brilliant one. The rhetorical and dialectical skill displayed at the expense of "speculative truth," when applied either to criticise or to reconstruct orthodoxy, is enough to mark the defect on the positive side. The probably new, and certainly important, conception of "regulative truth" is nowhere worked out at all, and Mansel never returned to it. Superficially, he left the connexion between

truth and duty external to the last, and never really answered Goldwin Smith or even Maurice, who failed in stating his own case. Dean Burgon, who holds that he pulverised Maurice, thinks the controversy with Goldwin Smith served to clear Mansel's meaning. As Goldwin Smith called Coleridge the greatest of English theologians, he has a fair excuse for quoting a letter to Rose, in which this greatest of theologians, at the age of forty-four, drew out a scheme of theology to be embodied partly in seven hymns to the sun and moon, the four elements, and God, and partly in a treatise on the Logos. But if Dean Burgon, even with the valuable assistance of Prof. Chandler, fails to do justice to Mansel's philosophy, he does ample justice to his wit and geniality. There is a long list of jokes of all orders ranging from puns to epigrams. The best is on the substitution of dissertations for disputations as a condition of degrees in divinity.

"The degree of 'D.D.'
'Tis proposed to convey
To an 'A double S.'
By a double *Essay*."

The best of the puns is on a Field Flowers, whose name in a list of candidates for examination was ominous of his destiny to be ploughed or plucked. He was great at guessing riddles, and often improved the answers—e.g., some one asked him "Why is a wife like a pattern?" expecting "Because she is a clog"; but Mansel, who thought that a bachelor student's affections were likely to be starved, answered "Because she elevates the soul."

The essay on Wilberforce, which appeared in the *Quarterly*, is of a different character from the other Lives. It is a series of personal reminiscences, which, as we learn from the dedicatory preface, were first confided to Mr. Murray when he sat by him at dinner at "Nobody's Club," though the admirable scene of the bishop at work with his chaplain and archdeacons is reproduced from Canon Ashwell. There is a capital story of Samuel Wilberforce as a boy at Clapham. When the tutor broke in upon his noisy pupils (one of whom was of Hebrew extraction) with a cane, "Sam," quick as lightning, caught the youthful Israelite by the collar, slewed him round to receive, *a tergo*, the blow which would else have fallen to his own share, and pleaded, "First the Jew, sir, then the Gentle." Equally quaint is the description how, after a great speech at the Sheldonian Theatre, he beckoned Burgon by first pointing to him and then to his own toes, and leaned over and whispered, "My dear Burgon, I've quite forgot the fish. Would you do me the great kindness to go to — and order turbot and smelts for eighteen, with lobsters for the sauce?" He had not quite done: "Let all be sent down to my carriage at All Souls' immediately, will you? and—don't forget the smelts." There is pathos as well as quaintness in the picture of their final parting in the dark by the side-door of the warden of All Souls' lodgings, when the bishop, who had accepted Winchester against the judgment of Burgon and other friends, pinioned the vicar of St. Mary's against the wall and would not let him go until he blessed him. Burgon's admiration was not uncritical. He has a good deal to say about the Hampden business,

where the bishop was too clever by half, because he acted—in perfect good faith—with the fear both of the court and of Oxford orthodoxy before his eyes. He taxed him now with a secret liking for short surplices, embroidered stoles, and Gregorians. The bishop was equal to the occasion. He gave an opinion not on ritual but on music. "I like Gregorian music?" he exclaimed. "I assure you I never hear a Gregorian without wanting to lie down on my stomach and howl."

The sketch of William Jacobson (as, for some odd reason of piety, he always wrote his name), is a singularly charming portrait of a person whom outsiders hardly knew to be interesting. It is full of traits of modest kindness, besides one or two instances to justify his more familiar reputation for caution. For instance, when Burdon was breaking fast with him on June 23, 1865, and asked "If it was known yet who was to go to Chester." "Premature," in a reproachful voice, was all the answer he got. Half an hour after he met Dr. Jelf in Peckwater, who spoke to him about the news. Perhaps Dr. Jacobson preferred to confide in Burdon about his children, for he often came round with a story of some of their sayings and doings. It is characteristic that the one point on which Jacobson ever publicly committed himself was the "Intermediate State." He actually excluded a hymn by the late Bishop of Lincoln from the Christian Knowledge Hymnal because the fifth stanza seemed to assert that departed saints already enjoy the "Beatific Vision." It is pleasanter to observe that he admired Oriel, especially the well-attended chapel, without reserve. A little before that time Archdeacon Denison agreed with Charles Neate that Oriel Common Room was deadly dull, because the men were afraid of one another, owing to suppressed divergences of opinion on high matters.

The Life of Hawkins, whom no one but his biographer would have called the "Great Provost," is for all that almost an ideal portrait. Dean Burdon was penetrated with the truth that if a man is to have his life written it ought generally to be on the scale of Plutarch, not on the scale of Boswell. But within these limits the Lives are unequal. One gets a series of fragmentary sketches rather than a monumental portrait like that of the provost upon whom Neate rhymed :

"Hic est praepositus
Cunctis opositus
* * *
Vir reverendus
Et metuendus
Sed diligendus."

Perhaps the biographer overrates his hero, who fought a winning battle against the Movement of 1833, and never gave up his single-handed struggle against the changes that began with the Commission of 1854; but he certainly understands him and explains him. The portrait of Dr. Routh is equally finished, but less convincing. It shows exactly and elegantly what those who loved to talk of the venerable president of Magdalen found to venerate. There are some curious specimens of ingenious queries on the New Testament, and a good story of how the president, with much show of deliberation, advised his biographer to read the New Testa-

ment in what he took to be the order in which the books were written; but we never feel that we get to the bottom of a character which did not impress Henry of Exeter as venerable. Richard Greswell, the "Faithful Steward"—who made Worcester Gardens a fit scene for Masonic fêtes, did something to make Port Meadow less swampy at the expense of hundreds, for which neither Town nor Gown thanked him as he deserved, and gave a thousand to start the subscription which made the National Society a power, for which he successfully canvassed all sorts of persons, from the Queen and Sir Robert Peel downwards—no doubt deserved a memorial; but he is a little overweighted by his biographer. So, too, those who remember nothing of the late Provost of Worcester, except that it fell to his lot to receive from the Regius Professor of Greek a second signature to the Thirty-nine Articles, will be glad to learn that he was once a bold horseman, in spite of being stunted by starvation at Charterhouse; that, notwithstanding a wretched voice, he was able to move the congregation of St. Mary's to tears some fifty or sixty years ago; that, though he was exceedingly jealous for "Protestant Truth," he never altered the dinner hour at Worcester to prevent the undergraduates hearing Newman at St. Mary's, and lived happily with his daughter, who could kill a twenty pound salmon and became a Roman Catholic; but, after all, the original notices in the *Guardian* were enough for both.

Canon Eden, Newman's first successor at St. Mary's, was a more remarkable personage. He entered Oriel in 1832, when Oriel was most interesting. The fellows accepted him as an equal, though superficially a disagreeable neighbour. Through life he maintained an esoteric reputation among the ablest of his contemporaries. He was always being pressed to publish sermons which did not sell. To judge by an extract (on the Intermediate State), the fault lay with the public. We are told that in later years his character mellowed. His comment on Newman's *Apologia* was caustic enough—"Intense unconscious love of power." His successor, Charles Marriott, admired nothing more in Newman than the promptitude with which he laid aside his power within the English Church when his faith in Anglicanism was shaken. The portrait of Charles Marriott himself is probably the gem of the book. He was a tragic-comical saint, who worked himself to death in a muddle over all kinds of useful and useless enterprises, of which the "Library of the Fathers" and the Universal Purveyor, which seems to have been some ill-starred precursor of co-operative stores, burdened him most heavily. He was always dozing at university sermons and in college meetings, and when appealed to could always repeat what had been going on. He was the chilliest of men, and the shock which finally shattered his overwrought nervous system came from bathing on the way back from Radley. There are three very vivid pictures: one of a breakfast party to meet some colonial bishops, where the host had forgotten the number of the guests, and fifteen, soon to be swollen to five and twenty, found themselves before a table set for ten, and another table had to be cleared of books and

papers at the cost of a morning's work; one of a midnight consultation about some mysterious passage in St. John (Dean Burdon had forgotten which passage); and one of a time of affliction, when Marriott stole muffled and silent into Burdon's room to remain with him and comfort him. Almost equally excellent is the account of Charles L. Higgins, the lay bishop of his county, the godfather of his parish, who left three hundred orphans when he died. He qualified himself to doctor his poorer neighbours, and for twenty years a switch hung outside his bedroom to summon him if he was wanted at night. He had original or reactionary ideas about pleasure gardens (leaning to open lawns with no flowers, broad walks, and trim evergreens), and abortive aspirations to help in the compilation of an authorised Hymnal. He counted on meeting Pontius Pilate in heaven, where he was sure St. Mark would hasten to welcome Dean Burdon. Dr. Pusey, we learn, was not without hope that St. Cyril might take some notice of his son Philip, of whom with several other worthies we get delicious sketches in the dedicatory preface. The raciest is of C. P. Goliath, who deserves to be remembered for other and better things than his skirmish with Bishop Wilberforce.

G. A. SIMCOX.

The Pageant of Life: an Epic Poem in Five Books. By George Barlow. (Sonnen-schein.)

MR. BARLOW holds heterodox views as to the imputed deity of Christ, in which respect he is not singular, though he appears to think he is. His opinions as to "the phenomenon which we call 'evil,'" and which is represented to the orthodox mind by the personage called Satan, also differ from those popularly entertained—but in this respect again Mr. Barlow is not a solitary exception. Apparently under the belief that the truth as he sees it is new, he attempts what he supposes to be an original rendering of it, and he does so with not a little boldness. "The poetry of the life of Jesus Christ has never been understood," he says in the first words of his preface. That seems rather an audacious statement. Seeing that poets and philosophers, as well as theologians, have been endeavouring to understand the poetry of the life of Christ for many centuries, it is remarkable that only now, under the guidance of a poet who has yet to make his mark, is the true understanding of it possible. Mr. Barlow comes to the rescue of humanity—to deliver us from a bondage of the intellect. He has "not hesitated," he says, "in writing of Jesus, to regard him from the point of view which I imagine will be the point of view of the future"—that namely of his high manhood. He has a scarcely veiled contempt for "men like Canon Liddon or Canon Westcott," who are content with fancies which he variously describes as "an unclean spiritual dream," and "a spiritual nightmare." I am not concerned to defend either of these ecclesiastics, and still less am I solicitous about the orthodox notions in regard to Christ. But one is bound, in reviewing Mr. Barlow's book, to demur to the want of good taste with which he announces his opinions. He shows a little more modesty in his treatment of the

Satanic personality, for he admits that "the world of thought has moved onward since Satan made his *début* on the epic stage in Milton's great drama." His devil is therefore the modern devil, to whose cynicism and other well-known characteristics we have grown accustomed. But if the true lineaments of this impersonal phenomenon are not now first discovered by Mr. Barlow, he claims to be the first to present them in poetic form. Milton's Satan is one distinct creation; Goethe's Mephistopheles is another; and his own Satan—for he retains the familiar name as a matter of convenience—is a third. We are to suppose that Bailey's *Festus* was never written, and that many other speculations of a like nature concerning the Satanic character and operations never saw the light. Quoth Mr. Barlow: "A few words of explanation, therefore, become necessary in introducing this tenacious and persistent player for the third time on the world's stage." The italics are mine, of course; but the words emphasised show that in Mr. Barlow's opinion there are three poets, and three only, who have each in his own way presented the devil in poetry—Milton, Goethe, and Barlow.

But Christ and Satan are little other than names in Mr. Barlow's verse. There are something like a hundred and twenty distinct poems in this volume, and in some of them the antagonistic principles that influence human conduct sustain their parts under the names of Christ and Satan. Most of the poems, however, are ordinary lyrics—many of them very pleasant ones—which bear no other relation to the theme of the more serious poems than is given to them by their arrangement in divisions called "books," under arbitrary headings. Something more than this is necessary to the making of an epic poem. It is quite possible that to Mr. Barlow himself these dissimilar compositions represent a unity of interest and aim—they may fill out for him the pageant of life without a broken link—but the reader will regard them as so many separate pieces, to be judged separately according to their merits. Here is an extract from one of the best. It is taken from a poem called "Christ," and it is Christ who speaks:

"O Satan, thou art strong, and yet behold!
Thou shalt not snatch one sheep from out my fold,

Nor one star from the star-bright air.

Wherever thou canst pass, God goes before;

Seek thou the lonely heart, or lonely shore,

And thou shalt find my Father there.

"The saddest soul is his.—The loneliest rose
That all unloved upon the hillside blows

He guards and tends with loving hand.—

The least frail rose-pink shell is in his care,—

Though it be least of all the shells that were

Tossed last night on the golden sand.—

* * *

"From evil blossoms good. The God who fills
With flowers the hollows of the green-robed hills

And fills with bloom the lap of spring

Is the same God who at the helm presides

When the wild vessel plunges through white tides:

The reckless waters own their King.

"Through me the thought of God that underlies
The hills and vales and woods and clouds and skies,

That, ever unseen, works its will,

Became just for one moment plain and clear:

God spake once, so that every soul [might hear:]

Judge of the ocean by the rill.

"The ocean, deep, eternal, rolls along:—
Lifting its billows, foaming, stormy, strong,
It plunges on from shore to shore.
But yet the silver rill that all men see
Has its own waves. God's image was in me,
The human god whom ye adore."

One would not say that these verses either express the exalted humanity of Christ, or suggest the infinite greatness and tenderness of God, very clearly or thoroughly; but they are not commonplace. In a volume of four hundred and forty pages there must necessarily be more or less that is commonplace. There is a near approach to dulness in some of the poems bearing the general heading of "Christ upon Earth." The human loves of Mary Magdalene, of Christ's mother, and of Judas Iscariot, are told in this section; and in the story of these Mr. Barlow certainly does not reach a very high level. Much cannot be said, for instance, for this lament of "Mary, the Mother of Jesus":

"Had he but listened to my plea!—
He trusted his own brain, and he
Upon the dismal dark cross dies.
The Holy God of Israel's race,
From whom he turned aside his face,
Would have sent angels from his skies!
"But no: he lived and thought, alone.
He set a new God on the throne
Of the Eternal, Israel's King.
The old traditions to despise
Is never safe, is never wise:
With unchanged notes the young birds sing.

"Each summer, the same flowers are fair.
The same sun kisses the same air
To warmth and beauty, every June.
Yes: over thunderous Sinai,
Through awful depths of lurid sky,
Once glittered this, to-night's same moon!

"But he, my Jesus, would have sought
Save of his own creative thought,
And now that thought's strange task is done:
The 'Father'—whom he sought by night—
Has robbed the world of genius-light,
And robbed a mother of her son."

We have here an allusion to "creative thought," which should be the supreme quality of Christ, regarding him, with Mr. Barlow, as the highest example of a man. But only in the most casual and superficial way do any of these poems meddle with creative thought. Their subjects—I refer to those only which pertain to what Mr. Barlow perhaps regards as his main theme—are chiefly the various forms of love and lust. His ideal Christ is a sort of feminine perfection—a being in whom the human affections are spiritualised and freed from carnal taint. The foil to this ideal—it is a foil that monopolises a good share of the book—is the vice of fleshly lust. Unquestionably, the best poems in the volume are to be found among those which have least to do with the scheme of the supposed epic—the unpretentious lyrics and ballads. Many of these are particularly bright and good.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

Records and Record Searching: a Guide to the Genealogist and Topographer. By Walter Rye. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. RYE is a most industrious student. Hard workers in the field of historical research are not commonly very communicative of their methods. We do not wish to accuse the antiquarian confraternity of the old narrowness of the mere collector, who thought his treasures all the more valuable if he kept them

entirely to himself. This old prejudice is happily dead, or only exists in remote places where modern thoughts and methods are still unknown. What we mean to say is that the hard worker is commonly far too busy to teach the rudiments of his knowledge to the mere beginner. We have most of us had to find out what we know laboriously for ourselves, with no other guide except experience and memory. It is half the battle to know where to search. A beginner, when he first enters the British Museum or the Public Record Office, with none to guide him, is like a man starving in the midst of plenty. This cannot be so any longer. Mr. Rye's Guide is quite sufficient to hinder anyone from wasting his time in fruitless labour. It cannot—no book can—put the dull and inaccurate person on a level with his more acute brethren.

We have little to say about Mr. Rye's Guide except to praise it. We have gone through the book chapter by chapter, and come on nothing that deserves censure. As, however, it is supposed to be the duty of the critic to find fault with something, we may say, in passing, that we do not think the antiquities of the mediaeval church have received as much attention as other matters.

In a book that has to deal with such an overwhelming amount of documents, it would have been impossible to give very full treatment to each. This is not a history of our archives, but a guide to them; and in most cases what has been said has been fully sufficient for the purpose for which it was intended. The first chapter, "How to Compile a Pedigree," gives most useful information. If the directions here are followed much valuable time will be spared, and we shall be saved from the disgust and irritation which so frequently overshadow us when a freshly made pedigree is put into our hands. There are two kinds of pedigrees that are utterly misleading—first, those which are consciously false, when men, from vanity, try to pass off their lineage as other than it is. These impostures are common enough. There seems to have been a brisk trade in them as early as the Tudor time. *Novi homines*, who had risen to rank and importance on the plunder of the church, felt it a cruel hardship that their ancestry was not as long as that of Berkeley or Percy, and forthwith employed some adept to supply the deficiency. The same ambition leads to the same juggleries now. We could point to pedigrees in well-known books of reference, going back to very remote times, for which we are certain no authentic proofs have been vouchsafed farther than the reign of Queen Anne. When these productions come in the student's way the wisest thing to do is to cast them from him. It is no use trying to disentangle a web of which half the strands are forgeries. The second class are very different. They are the result of conscientious but misapplied labour. The work of men who know not what genealogical evidence is, and who constantly mistake falsehood for truth. They often, so far from giving more antiquity to a race than is its due, fall short of the truth. We have an instance before us now of a genealogical tree beginning with an imaginary ancestor in the reign of Charles I., when the line may be traced by evidence that would be accepted in a court of law up to the

earlier part of the thirteenth century. No man can properly write the history of a parish, or of an empire, without a genealogy before him. What the line of Karl or of Hugh Capet is to French history such is the line of the lords of the manor to an obscure village. It is as reasonable to contemn one kind of knowledge as the other.

The chapter on "Legal Proceedings relating to Land" is one of the most important in the book. They are extremely puzzling to everyone who has not a thorough knowledge of our feudal systems—the word here must certainly be in the plural; and recent alterations have so entirely remodelled almost everything pertaining to real estate that hardly any information is to be gleaned from modern law books, and it is terribly uphill work to pick out what is wanted from the grave folios of the men of the seventeenth century.

The article on court rolls is excellent, but we trust it may receive expansion in a new edition. Each one of our old manors was like a little kingdom. We have read many court rolls, but never found two alike in the earlier time. Feudalism was full of life during the Wars of the Roses therefore that long-continued dynastic struggle had but little effect on them. You hardly find a trace of it in these records, so far as we have seen, except in the case of confiscations. The Reformation even, which gave a far greater shock to our social system, has left in them few traces. Life had changed when the war began between the Parliament and Charles I. After the Restoration the rolls become all much alike. They are still important witnesses to pedigrees and boundaries, and sometimes throw vivid side-lights on the agriculture of the time, but their individuality is gone. We may consult them as a matter of duty, but they are no longer, as they were aforetime, a picturesque delight.

Among the useful matters in the appendix is what the author calls "A Short Antiquarian Directory." It gives a list of the various societies whose transactions deal with historical subjects, and also of many of the periodicals which contain antiquarian articles. Nothing so complete has ever appeared before. We trust in the next edition the author will give a list of the continental archaeological societies. It may be impossible to make it quite perfect; but, even if there were grave *lacunae*, it would be of untold value to the English student, who is constantly driven to all sorts of shifts by not knowing what is the centre of historic lore in some region into which his enquiries have led him.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

"Statesmen Series."—*Peel*. By F. C. Montague. (W. H. Allen.)

It is odd that, when hardly a man of note eludes the biographer, who dogs him more remorselessly than ever did black care the gallant horseman, we have had so long to wait for a tolerable life of Sir Robert Peel. Peel's life was many-sided, his career was a rare series of brilliant personal successes, and his influence was more solidly beneficial to his country than that of any other statesmen of his time. And yet the best that has been hitherto written about him is either a

polemical apology or an imperfect contemporary study, and the worst as cumbrous and wrongheaded a book as ever was penned. Now at last, on the centenary of his birth, there appears, what we have long wanted, a well-written life of Peel. It is the fifth volume of the "Statesmen Series," and the editor, Mr. Sanders, has made a wise choice in entrusting it to Mr. Montague. The book is well done, though the misprints between pp. 173 and 190 are rather too frequent. Its defect, which is not its author's fault, is that it is not longer. The reader, perhaps, will hardly realise the pains needed to compress so much material into so few pages—to deal with all the subjects of Peel's policy and reforms, and yet to be intelligible and entertaining upon each. It is greatly to the author's credit that he has so completely effaced all trace of the toil which must have gone to the review of topics so numerous and so complicated, and that in producing a bright and lucid account of some forty years brimful of political strife he has also portrayed through it all the man Peel himself—a living, recognisable, human figure.

For this, indeed, has been one of the things which have deterred others from attempting Peel's life. It was his misfortune that he had not the knack of popularity or the art of being always interesting. To some he appears a dry painstaking compound of statistics and statutes, of rules of the House of Commons and proceedings of the Home Office; a volume of Hansard incarnate and adorned with quotations from the Latin poets. Others regard him as the arch-priest of respectability, and dismiss him as uninteresting accordingly. One political party eyes him askance because he passed Acts the credit of which they would have liked for themselves; the other because he led them into paths in which perpetual wonder at the miracle of being there merged in perpetual fear of the impossibility of ever getting out again. He had a genius for the consolidation of law, the simplification of business, the improvement of administration. He was no mere political gladiator, whose career is a tissue of brilliant sarcasms, stubborn party duels, *ruses de guerre*, and all the hewing and hacking of the parliamentary fray, and whose life reads like some romance of doubtful propriety. To understand him needs impartiality, and to realise his great achievements demands pains and study. It follows that even what Mr. Montague finely calls "the useless justice of posterity" has not been fully done him; for few men are studious, and fewer still impartial.

Peel at the outset seemed the Fortunate Youth of politics. He was destined for the cabinet from his cradle; he above all other men had the good fortune to be *ικανὸς κεχοπτημένος*; he was an accomplished scholar before he was of age; he was an experienced man of business by inheritance, a laborious man of business by choice. When other men are struggling for bread he was rolling in riches. Temptation never ruffled his blameless spirit; the road to fame lay straight and open before him; he had only to walk along it at his leisure, and his fall after nearly forty years upon that road is a veritable tragedy. No doubt there is just that degree of truth in Disraeli's taunt that Peel's whole life was one great appropriation clause, which inspires

some misgivings as to his unvarying political rectitude. The fact is that at the opening of his career he was a little too fortunate; he was introduced to public life too easily. The pitiless necessity of acting on some distinct opinion came on him day by day, and came on him too soon. Before he knew his own mind he was committed to party politics; and, when he would have followed his own freer and more mature opinions, he found his hands tied by the result of his early deference to the opinions of others. Peel is not the only great statesman who would have wished a little more time before coming into his inheritance. Lifelong consistency is a virtue that is denied to those who are ministers at twenty-four.

But the real blot upon Peel's career, if it can be truly called a blot, is not that he changed his mind, for he changed his mind in every sense for the good of his country, but that by force of circumstances his conduct necessarily did so much to blunt the edge of that never very finely tempered tool—party government. No more dramatic occasions could have been imagined for a political right-about-face than those of 1829 and 1846. A great minister, suddenly and by an almost secret act of conversion, destroys for ever the pet policy of his own party, passes his opponents' measures by dint of his opponents' support, and forces a writhing and reluctant following, with unconverted hearts, to profess his new faith. It is a time of evil omen. Their summary vengeance upon him does not mend matters; for good or for evil the party has incontinently wheeled about. That the justification for 1829 and 1846 is complete leaves the mischief uncured. Peel is cleared, but party government reels under the blow. It is a tempting manoeuvre, which other men will repeat with less honesty and less need; and what in him was a great self-renunciation will sink to a cunning *coup*. It is possible that the time, which removes us from Peel far enough to vindicate his memory beyond the need of justification, may show us the instrument, of which he was the greatest master, brought into decay by the consequences of his act.

It is always said of Peel that for good and for evil his character reflected that of the English middle class, from which he sprang, and which ruled England from 1832; but it is too little remembered how very much of good and how wonderfully little of evil there was in that character. Nowadays the middle classes are not very much appreciated. Being neither wayward, nor gushing, nor improper, nor adventurous, they do not catch the eye of *gobemouche* onlookers, and their humdrum solidity misses its fair share of esteem. Everyone is anxious to play the easy part of David, and cast a stone at these dethroned Philistines; and Peel, their chief, has shared their disfavour. Yet time does not seem to produce any better class of rulers or any nobler race of statesmen. With all their faults the middle classes of Peel's generation were not surpassed in public or in private virtue by any other class of their fellow-citizens. In those virtues Peel was not even approached. Honesty and sobriety of mind, a grave resolve to have good administration and painstaking if unobtrusive reform, a great freedom from the pursuit of chimaeras, and a quiet zeal for public benefits, which

were all the more indubitable because they were not showy—these were the middle-class characteristics of that age. None better have replaced them, and it will be long before there emerges from the ranks of those who now hold power one more worthy of the name of good citizen than this typical son of a Lancashire mill-owner.

J. A. HAMILTON.

THE BY-WAYS OF CANADA.

B.C. 1887: a Ramble in British Columbia.
By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck.
(Longmans.)

Diocese of Mackenzie River. By W. C. Bompus, Bishop of the Diocese. (S.P.C.K.)

THESE two volumes, both good in their way, are types of two very different styles of authorship. The one is gay; the other, as might be expected, is grave. The one is written after a few months' acquaintance with a small corner of one province of Canada; the other presents in a compressed form the experience of half a lifetime spent in a diocese which is nearly twice as big as British Columbia, and quite as little known as the least explored portions of that remote "dependency," which, when the writer of these words first knew it, had just emerged from the hunting-ground stage of its existence.

In those days a somewhat mouldy joke was current to the effect that "H. B. C.," the familiar designation of the Hudson's Bay Company, meant "Here Before Christ." At that date—a quarter of a century ago—the great fur company were the magnates of the North-west. The personality of their factors was perhaps a trifle antiquated, but it was everywhere, and—good fellows though most of them were—more omnipresent than loved. The title of Messrs. Lees and Clutterbuck's book reminds us that this venerable bit of facetiousness, suggested by the manners of the peltry traders, at which even the most amiable of us had ceased to laugh long before the railway had rendered it obsolete, still manages to maintain something of its prehistoric vitality among a younger generation; though whether the British Columbians, in the fervour of their rejuvenescence, will care for the authors of *Three in Norway* transferring the implication of old-fashionedness to their province is not quite so certain. For if we gather anything from these pages it is that, though the quondam colony still consumes a reprehensible amount of exciseable goods, nobody is so poor, or so picturesque, or so jovial as he was in the gladsome times which are now no more than a memory.

At all events, in the "B. C." of 1887 we hear little of the "H. B. C." of 1863, or, indeed, of many merry men with whom we were wont to consort in the Forest of Arden. They, too, seem to have vanished like some other things of good report, or confine their operations to parts of the country which the latest tourists in B. C. did not visit. In truth, they visited very little of the country. Their object in crossing the Rocky Mountains was to test the capabilities of this still little known region as "a home for some of the public school and university young men who, in this overcrowded old England of ours, every year find themselves more *de trop*."

For this reason, perhaps, they confined their "rambles" to the southern country east of the Cascades. For here alone "in the valleys, which in some parts attain to the dignity of plains," between the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks, and the Gold Range, "any room can be found for a man to live and plant domestic animals and vegetables, without being in danger of falling off a ledge or slipping into a mountain torrent." This is, of course, an exaggeration, though, no doubt, the greatest extent of open country is to be found in the Kootenay district. It is, therefore, in spite of its cold winters, the region best adapted for grazing. But it is scarcely a typical part of British Columbia, which is not a farming country. Further north, the province is still more mountainous and wooded, the torrents grander, the lakes of larger extent, and the men of the soil far more primitive, if less amiable, than the mild tribes, with a gloss of Roman Catholicism, whom our authors encountered and seem to have been disappointed with. However, in a limited way, they enjoyed themselves. They canoed, and rafted, and steam-boated, and travelled with pack horses. They also shot game and fished trout; but, except in winter, wild animals are extremely difficult to approach in that section of British Columbia, or, indeed, in any other part; for they all desert the lowlands and take to the uplands near the snow in order to avoid the flies. They obtained, in addition, some information for "the public school and university men." The gist of this is that nobody should settle without seeing the country; that the land available for settlement is fast diminishing in area; that there are chances—as there are everywhere else—for young unmarried colonists with capital; but that ladies should not go out without being sure that they are able to "rough it and trust to their own resources."

The book is pleasantly written, in spite of a good deal of rather forced facetiousness—which sometimes breaks out into poetry—and a needless amount of rather bald profanity. The small beer of little personal adventures, interesting solely to "Jim," "Cardie," and "the Skipper," or their friends at home, predominate unduly. Still, the book contains a great deal of useful information on many points, told in an attractive narrative, and many illustrations, which, though for the most part villainously reproduced by various "processes," are commendably graphic. The portraits of the birds are all copies from Audubon; but, as the work in which they are contained was published long before the West was explored, it necessarily follows that several of them are of species not so characteristic of British Columbia as of the region farther East. Much of the book would, nevertheless, bear pruning. The account of a voyage across the Atlantic and of the older portion of Canada is altogether superfluous in a volume which dismisses Victoria, an ever-changing town, with the remark that it "is too well known by description to need any remark from us" (p. 376). It is also amusing to find that the writers fancy that the words "no" and "here" painted on the jawbone of a horse behind the bar of a country tavern, meant that there was to be no noisy talk—no "jaw"—there. "Jawbone" in the West is a euphemism for

"credit." Sometimes the same hint is given by the Chinook jargon word, *halo* (none), or "played out," being painted on the equine maxilla. These, and a host of similar slips which might be noted, are, however, trifles in what may be pronounced a more than usually lively account of the region in the vicinity of the Canadian Pacific and the western extremity of the North Pacific railways.

Bishop Bompus's little book is of a very different character. It is one of the "Colonial Church Histories," and affects to give no more than a systematic account of the vast region over which the author exercises spiritual jurisdiction. It is not too much to say that it is the best of the series, for it describes a territory which, except for the notices of the early Arctic explorers, and a recent report by a Canadian Agricultural Commission, is practically unknown. Dr. Bompus, so far as his space allows, supplies this deficiency by accurate notes—not only on the Church of England missions, but on the inhabitants, languages, fauna and flora, Arctic life, meteorology, dress and habits, resources and prospects of the country. The latter are not pourtrayed in quite such flowery terms as in the agricultural report referred to. The crops of the Mackenzie river valley "cannot be said to be encouraging." By "working the soil regularly, the frost seems to leave it." A penal settlement has been suggested, but

"crops could not be trusted for the support of a convict establishment with enforced labour, though hardy emigrants working with a will might force a livelihood" (p. 101). "The climate is not one to invite immigration on any considerable scale, unless the half-breed or Indian population of the Saskatchewan plains or adjacent country should retire to the North before the advance of civilised Europeans."

The Mackenzie, in short, is not a paradise, and it is iniquitous to tempt sanguine wretches to colonise such an Arctic waste. The bishop is, however, most at home in describing the wild animals and their hunters. He is now and then apt to blunder over the scientific names (p. 65); but, in spite of a proneness to improve the occasion (pp. 60, 63), and one or two outbursts of the *odium theologicum* (pp. 84, 108), both of which are uncalled for, his monograph for once stultifies Lord Palmerston's shrewd maxim that for downright ignorance and inaccuracy recommend him to the man who had "been twenty years in the country and spoke the language."

ROBERT BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Aspern Papers. By Henry James. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Check and Counter-Check. By Brander Mathews and G. H. Jessop. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

The Guardians. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The Romance of a Shop. By Amy Levy. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Ladies' Gallery. By Mrs. Campbell Praed and Justin McCarthy. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Kept Secret. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Periwinkle. By Arnold Gray. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

It is well known to the initiated, though the story has for obvious reasons not got into the papers, that a conspiracy has long existed in America for the purpose of buying a stout keeled yacht (none of your centreboard toys that are good to dodge the Britisher round New York harbour), manning it with stalwart patriots, kidnapping Mr. Henry James from whatsoever foul European Capua he may be haunting, conveying him to a desert island, and there giving him the choice of death by awful tortures or of swearing on his bended knees and the bones of Washington that he will never more make fun of American man or woman. The execution of the project has, we understand, only been postponed owing to a patriotic sense of the horrid gap in the ranks of "our gifted and incisive writers" (as an American print had it the other day) should Mr. James prove staunch and prefer art to life. But whether this reluctance will be proof against the last provocation—the third of the tales in *The Aspern Papers*—we tremble to think. All the *portraits-charges* ever drawn of Yankees by Englishmen from Miss Ferrier's impossible Lewiston through the works of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope downwards are mild compared to the dreadful fidelity of Macarthy Grice in "*A Modern Warning*." The personages of the story are few—Macarthy and Agatha Grice, brother and sister, the usual helpless mother of American fiction, and a masterful Englishman, Sir Rufus Chasemore, who carries Agatha off under the nose, so to speak, of the Briton-detesting Macarthy. The story is extremely clever; but Mr. James neither need nor should have ended it by the suicide of the luckless Agatha, distracted between wifely and sisterly love. Tragedy interspersed with comedy is good literature; comedy ending in tragedy, though unfortunately only too true to life, is not good literature, or very rarely so. The longer "*Aspern Papers*" proper is also a very good story, though perhaps a trifle spun out. But "*Louisa Pallant*," which comes between, is good for much less.

Messrs. Brander Mathews and Jessop's *Check and Counter-Check* is a very lively and amusing story, in which a theft of a picture à la Duchess of Devonshire, and the mistaken notion of a young lawyer to the effect that he has discovered the thief in his own bosom friend and brother-in-law-elect, with various accidents thereto appertaining, are tossed up with a good deal of skill. We have only two things against it. If they really spell Vaughan "Vaughn" over there, we can only say that the persons so offending ought to be trampled to death by plumed knights or condemned to be perpetual candidates for the Presidency, or to some punishment equally painful and degrading. And why, oh why, did the authors make their two heroines, Katharine Vaughn and Gladys Tennant, so dreadfully—we must really say it—so dreadfully vulgar? As one of them at least has drawn in other books young ladies who were not vulgar, it must have been done on purpose, and why do it? A vulgar man is good

literary game; a vulgar woman, middle-aged or old, is perhaps allowable; but, if Nature has disgraced herself by permitting the existence of vulgar girls, let manly men blush for her and them, but not put them in books.

Of *The Guardians*, all we can say is that, though its authors claim previous works, it is more like a schoolgirl's first attempt at a novel than most books that we have read. It is perfectly formless. The Greek motto on the title-page—"If the blind lead the blind"—acquires a new meaning, as the reader, who does not know where on earth the story is going, is led by the authors, who evidently know rather less; and the characters with one exception are rag dolls. That one exception, an elderly coquette, is so much better than the rest of the book that it is difficult to tell how she finds herself there, and how the authors (who do not know in the least what to do with her when they have got her) got hold of her at all.

It appears to us that with a little more experience Miss Amy Levy may write a very good novel. The notion of young ladies, who are suddenly turned out of affluence into poverty, supporting themselves by trade or something like it, is, of course, not new, but it is not yet exhausted. The last time we met it, it was dressmaking, now it is photography. One is as good as the other; indeed, fingers stained with chemicals are, perhaps, better from many points of view than pins in the mouth. There are youthfulnesses in this *Romance of a Shop*, no doubt. The episode of Phyllis, the youngest sister, and her unscrupulous artist-lover, is a little out of place, and wants stronger handling. Moreover, Miss Levy really must not fold her heroine to her lover's breast at the end "like a tired child." She might as well make the lover himself "pass his hand over his fevered brow." But these things may be mended; and there is a quality of "liveness" in the book, a faculty of dialogue, and some scraps and bits of character drawing here and there, which carry the reader pleasantly through for the present, and give good promise for the future.

When we open a novel by the new firm of Mrs. Campbell Praed and Mr. Justin McCarthy, we know pretty well that we shall have Australians, high-minded or otherwise, a *maunarie* (to use the pretty old French word for an ugly thing that is both old and new), some English political life, a good deal of rather unhealthy sentiment, and a good deal of rather barren cleverness. All these things are duly found in *The Ladies' Gallery*, of which title we may observe in passing that it has almost less to do with the contents of the book than the title of any other novel we remember. The main story turns on the rather awkwardly combined facts that Rick Ransom and Binbian Jo are not only "pals" in the straitest sense, and brother millionaires, but also (unknown to each other for a time) are in love with the same woman, who unluckily happens to be the wife of one of them. Mrs. Campbell Praed in her unlimited liability days has dealt less agreeably with similar subjects; but even here there is a vein of slightly rancid sentiment. The emotions, political and other, of a frank child of the wilderness introduced to our English corruption are also worked upon; and there

is some by-play between a certain Tony Strange and a certain Philippa Dell, which reminds us less of anything that either of the writers has done before than of the work of the clever author of *Molly Bawn*. The whole, if not "smart," has much attempt at smartness, and a profusion of what is, or what is supposed to be, the latest slang. But the odd thing is that, with all this and with all the cleverness of "them two clever ones," its authors, it is not in the least alive as all the novels of the better class in the huge list from *Daphnis and Chloe* to *Pierre et Jean* are alive. Marionettes dressed with great cleverness, grouped with greater cleverness, and twitched about with cleverness the greatest of all—such are the occupants of *The Ladies' Gallery*, and such only.

Mrs. Spender's story would be a much better one if she could have sifted out of it certain fripperies and gauds of style. When a lady wishes to say that her hero's married life was happy, and expresses that proposition thus—

"The wine of life had been rich and luscious as ever to Boyd Lethbridge; it was so sparkling still that it tempted the man to drain the cup to his heart's desire before he allowed it to settle on the lees. The incense ascending from the altar of that homestead would have been satisfying to the nostrils of most men, however fastidious"—

the chief impulse of every one but the sternly virtuous critic or the careless circulating library subscriber must be to put the book, gently or not, aside. But it must be confessed that the style is not altogether out of keeping with the story. There is some liveliness in it and some pathos, but both are strained and unnatural. Some heirs to banking houses have no doubt robbed the till or the safe, and put the blame on others. "We read it in a French book t'other day," and in *Hard Times* something more than t'other day, and in a hundred other books, and perhaps in a newspaper or two; but, when they are men as clever as Boyd Lethbridge, they generally recognise that the game is not worth the candle, and can be lighted in other ways. The self-devotion of Nancy Kempe is estimable; but one's sympathy for her is lessened by feeling that the lover she gives up to her friend is a very poor creature indeed: nor is the questionably fortunate heroine who gets him much better. The best person in the book is the comic man, Patrick More, an Irish painter-landlord.

As in *Kept Secret*, so in *Periwinkle*, the sacred head of the critic is almost whelmed by a profusion of high passions and tall talk. We do not remember any single passage manifesting quite such a ladylike derangement of epitaphs as that quoted above; but the heroine habitually speaks of and to her husband as "Daryl Darkwood," and is not innocent of the crime of speaking of herself as "I, Flower Darkwood." These two small facts will "speak" the whole book to the intelligent. It is not at all a bad book of its kind; and the mystery of what Simon Creedy had in the black bag with which he travelled to all parts of England is rather ingeniously kept. But it is also one of those books which it is hardly necessary either to praise or to blame, because, when it comes to its own, its

own are quite certain to receive it with joy and read it with gladness; while those who are not its own will discover that fact before they have read or skipped half a dozen chapters. This is always a good thing about a book.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets; with Renderings in English Verse. By F. A. Paley. (Sonnenschein.) Scattered fragments from some twenty-five poets, mostly of the "Middle" and "New" Comedy, are here collected and translated by Dr. Paley, who thinks (Pref., pp. vi. and vii.) that, in our classical course, we worship Aristophanes too much, Menander too little. More than this: he thinks that the "Old Comedy," and Aristophanes as its representative, "revelled in immorality, and made sport of depravity"; and that "the comic stage had become an incentive to unrestrained vice." From such viciousness, he thinks, Menander and the "New Comedy" were free. Why, therefore, he asks, should Aristophanes be read in schools, while Menander is wholly neglected? We all owe too much, in matters of scholarship, to Dr. Paley, to treat any view of his with disrespect; but we must in frankness say that there seems something wrongheaded about this argument. We read Aristophanes and not Menander for the same reason that we read the plays, but not the fragments, of Aeschylus and Sophocles; for the same reason that we prefer statues to broken chips, and, in a word, literary and artistic wholes to small fractions of a shattered fame. Neither can we fully accept Mr. Paley's view of the "Old Comedy," or of Aristophanes as its representative. "Revelling in immorality," "incentive to unrestrained vice"—these are terms which might with certain restrictions be applied to our Restoration comedies: to apply them to such work as the "Acharnians," "Clouds," "Birds," and "Frogs," seems to us quite uncritical. We are far from ignoring the stains on the genius of Aristophanes; one or two of his plays harp painfully upon the *non nominandum*. But any mind that can sift the impurities out of Shakspere can do the same with Aristophanes. What remains, in either case, is pure gold. Mr. Paley forgets, we think, that the "Old Comedy," being in its essence satirical as well as ludicrous, does of necessity touch a great deal of pitch; but so clear and true is the Hellenic genius that we may read its handling of this pitch without incurring defilement, unless we are in search of it. In a word, there are many good reasons for reading the fragments of Menander; but their superiority to the plays of Aristophanes is not one of them. This said, we can freely agree that Mr. Paley has done well to collect and translate these asteroids of the Greek dramatic heaven. He is not a first-rate translator into verse; but he is a better one than his prose versions would sometimes lead one to expect. He seems, however, to overrate the wit of these fragments. Many of them are rather forced fun, and turn on the ordinary social puzzles, e.g., why fish is so expensive, why marriage is a failure, &c. Punch's celebrated advice to people about to marry is, it appears (p. 56), directly plagiarised from Anaxandrides:

ὅτις γαμεῖν βούλευεται, οὐ βούλευεται
οὐδὲν κ.τ.λ.

Perhaps it is older still. The strongest things in the book, to our mind, are the fragments from Philemon; the wisest, the scraps of Menander, e.g., Fr. 519, p. 112. Diphilus also

(p. 133) has a sharply satiric turn, rather over-expanded by Mr. Paley's version:

"So plain is she, her father shuns the sight:
She holds out bread; no dog will take a bite.
So dark is she, that entering a room
Night seems to follow her, and all is gloom."

There is a palpable misprint in the last line but one of p. 112. Mr. Paley's emendation of Eubulus (p. 63) is ingenious, but hardly improves the meaning, which seems to us to need neither defence nor change.

Aeschylus' Seven against Thebes. By A. W. Verrall and M. A. Bayfield. School Edition. (Macmillan.) The *Seven against Thebes* is a play so well suited by subject to school reading that we welcome this reduction of Mr. Verrall's larger work to a size and price which should popularise it for school use. All will share Mr. Verrall's regret (Pref., pp. v., vi.) that the high compliment to English scholarship implied by Dr. L. Schmidt's intentions of translating the larger edition into German was frustrated by his death. Those acquainted with a work will not be surprised to find Mr. Verrall repeating here his sense of the misnomer, by which a play, in which neither Thebes nor Thebans are ever mentioned, has been called for all time "The Seven against Thebes." But we do not quite agree that the name is "not very happy." It is inaccurate, but it fixes the mind of the young on the central scene or tableau of the play, by a remarkably vivid phrase. Aristophanes knew his audience; and our effort is, after all, to realise the play as an Athenian audience realised it. The editors seem to fear (p. vi.) that their notes may be thought too copious. We agree that the vice of most school editions is that they are apt to substitute help for effort. But the *Seven &c.* required to be brought definitely into the range of school reading below the highest forms (in which it has not been quite neglected, though not sufficiently read), and for this purpose we do not think the notes are too full. They are certainly interesting. We do not quite like the rendering (l. 135) of *ἀρρενώπολος* by "the drumming of the chariots." The note on the difficult but beautiful passage (ll. 839-846) and the version of it (p. 103) are alike excellent. The sense of contrast in poetry often escapes boys, but when pointed out is very attractive to them. Perhaps a reference to the dark sail on Theseus's ship, when Aegeus was waiting for a white one, might have been added from Kingsley's *Heroes*. We incline to think that Mr. Verrall's vivid conjecture, on l. 100 (*τάρανος οὐ κενὸς δόρας* for *π. οὐκέτι δόρας*), which in the larger edition has place in the text, might here be given in the notes. "The spear is in that sound" is a more Aeschylean thought than "tis the clash of not one spear," even if *οὐκέτι δόρας* could = *πολλὰν*.

A Latin Prose Primer. By J. Y. Sargent. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) Eyes much less practised than Mr. Sargent's have recognised long ago that the standards in Latin prose attained by average candidates for matriculation or responses is absurdly low. "If this is the result," many teachers must have felt, "of seven or eight years' constant training and practice, either the object is unattainable in any measurable period, or the means adopted are in some way fatal to its attainment. In the case of no other language would it be tolerated that, after seven years' instruction, the pupil should be unable to speak a single sentence, or to write the tenth part of a page, without gross grammatical blunders." Many, we say, have felt this; but we do not remember to have seen anywhere so succinct and pointed an exposition of its cause as that given by Mr. Sargent (Introd. pp. viii.-xi.).

He is commendably free from *odium paedagogicum*, and even ventures (p. viii.) to remind us that Latin was spoken as well as written, not only without a knowledge of the now defunct "as in praesenti," and "propria quae maribus," but even without "the doctrine of 'stems,' 'roots,' 'tertiary predicates,' and 'past jussives' of a never jargon!" Surely this is the language of a bold, bad man. But, in pursuance of his theory, he gives, in part i., ten preliminary exercises for oral practice. A vocabulary is supplied. The short sentences, strung on a thread of humorous connexion—see especially Ex. 10, pp. 18-19—are, we think, capitally adapted for such teaching as Mr. Sargent has in view. They can, of course, with very little difficulty, be varied and added to by any teacher who will enter into the spirit of the thing. Part ii. is more elaborate. Fifty exercises are given, and analysed sentence by sentence more in the style of Mr. Sidgwick's *Greek Pros.* As we should have expected, Mr. Sargent fully realises that not the Latin, but the pupil's slovenly way of only glancing at the English without unravelling its connexion or full meaning, is the real obstacle. He would have certain vocabularies learned by heart. We agree, and we think Mr. Sargent's seven rules, on p. 21, should also be stored in the memory. That, perhaps, would give the best hope of their being obeyed.

An Introduction to Latin Syntax. By W. S. Gibson. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) This is a simple though sometimes prolix commentary on the earlier portions of the syntax of the Latin primer, with exercises appropriate to it. The explanations are for the most part full and clear, though a little more of the latter quality is needed, we think, on pp. 116-17. The principle also of teaching syntax and giving sentences for translation into Latin simultaneously is, we think, a sound one. On the other hand, a table of contents should certainly be added. The book is too garrulous. If it is meant to be learnt by boys, it is too long; if it is to be used by the master, it presupposes rather unusual ignorance in him. We are told (Pref., p. vi.) that it is based, with modifications which are but slight, on the "Public Schools' Primer"; but that primer has now become antiquated. It would be well to contrast Mr. Gibson's treatment of the dative with that in the Revised Primer. Still, the book seems to be the work of a practical teacher, struggling to make things clear to the simplest minds.

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY has written a critical introduction, of considerable length, to an English translation of Duruy's *Illustrated History of Greece*, to be published by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston. This forms a companion work to the *History of Rome* by the same author, which was recently issued in this country by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

PROF. SAYCE has written a little book on the Hittites for the series published by the Religious Tract Society under the title of "By-paths of Bible Knowledge." It is entirely of a popular character, and makes no fresh attempt at decipherment.

SUBSCRIBERS may expect to receive the three concluding volumes of Sir R. F. Burton's "Supplemental Nights" all together by the end of next week, or very little later.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS will shortly publish the second volume of Mr. Ernest Law's valuable *History of Hampton Court Palace*, from the death of Elizabeth to the end of James II.'s reign. The work will be profusely illustrated

with copperplates, engravings, and etchings, including reproductions from contemporary sketches. The third volume, bringing the history down to the present time, with an index to the whole work, is in the press.

The Plague and the Printing Press is the title of a work announced by Mr. Elliot Stock. It is edited by Mr. H. R. Planner, and will contain a complete bibliography of works on the plague, as well as an introduction and historical notes.

A BOOK by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, millionaire and hunter, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title of *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*. The volume will be profusely illustrated with sketches from life.

MRS. EDMONDS, who will be known to many readers of the ACADEMY by her "Greek Lays and Idylls," has written a novel which will be published shortly, in two volumes, by Messrs. Remington. It has no reference to Phil-Hellenism, but is simply a love-story, entitled *Mary Myles*.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. are about to publish the fourth and concluding volume of *Familiar Wild Birds*, by Mr. W. Swaysland, with 180 coloured illustrations of birds and eggs drawn to scale.

THE seventeenth volume in the "Nation Series," *Persia*, will be published next week by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The author, Mr. W. S. Benjamin, was formerly minister for the United States at Teheran.

THE second volume of Mr. A. S. Way's translation of the *Iliad*, containing Books XIII. to XXIV., will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. during November.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK announce a translation of Lichtenberger's *Histoire des Idées Religieuses en Allemagne*, revised and brought up to date, with important additions, specially prepared for this edition, by the author. It has been prepared by Mr. W. Hastie, the translator of Pünter's "History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion," &c.

THE next volume in the series of "Camelot Classics" will be Mr. J. R. Lowell's *Essays on the English Poets*.

Christmas Cookery and Good Cheer, edited by Mr. Percy Lindley, an illustrated handbook to seasonable dishes and drinks, games and gifts, will be published early next month.

THE fourth number of *Popular Poets of the Period*, edited by Mr. F. A. H. Eyles (Griffith, Farran & Co.), will contain sketches of the careers, and selections from the writings of, Mr. Austin Dobson, Prof. Blackie, Sarah Doudney, Dr. A. H. Japp, and Mr. William Allingham.

A MEETING of those interested in the proposal to raise some public memorial to Christopher Marlowe will be held on Thursday next, November 15, at 4 p.m., in the Lord Chief Justice's rooms at the Royal Courts of Justice, when Lord Coleridge has promised to take the chair. The hon. secretary to the movement is Mr. Frederick Rogers (62 Nicholas Street, Mile End), who will be glad to receive suggestions.

FREDERIK MULLER & Co., of Amsterdam, have issued a "bi-centennial" catalogue of broadsides, portraits, and books relating to the accession of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain. The total number of pieces enumerated is 256, of which the greatest rarities seem to be two large etchings by R. de Hooghe: one representing the battle of the Boyne, with the death of Schomberg as the central object; the other in two leaves, the one representing William and Mary surrounded by their generals and ministers and by Irish officers in

chains, and the other representing the Emperor and Sobieski receiving the homage of the Turks, after the relief of the siege of Vienna in 1689. We may also mention a hitherto unknown portrait of William at the age of three, by Hendrik Rokesz. The London agent for this catalogue is Mr. David Nutt.

AT the present moment it is interesting to know that one of M. Emile Zola's short nouvelles, *L'Attaque du Moulin*, has just been issued as a textbook for use in English schools, with notes, &c. (Librairie Hachette). In a letter to the editor, printed in the preface, M. Zola writes:

"Je suis très touché d'apprendre que ma prose si discutée en France pourra être utile à quelque chose en Angleterre."

WE are glad to learn that the publication of cheap reprints has extended to Athens, where William Bart is issuing fortnightly a pretty little series of sixpenny volumes, called the "Helleniké Bibliotheké." Among them we notice a translation of a play of Molière, with the not easily recognisable title of *O έξηρα-βελόνης*. The volume that has reached us—two in one—is a revised edition of Demetrios Bikelas' metrical version of *Hamlet*, from which we venture to quote the first lines of the well-known soliloquy:

Nά ζῆ κἀνεῖς, ή νὰ μὴ ζῆ : 'Ιδού η ἀπορία.
Τι εἴναι τιένον εὐγενές : Νά ζῆ, νὰ ὑπερέψῃ
τῆς Εἰμαρκέντης τῆς σκληρᾶς τὰ βέλη, τὰ σφενδόνας,
ἡ 'ένα πέλαγος δεινῶν ὄλυσταθῆ ὑπόκλως,
νὰ τ' ἀναγκάσῃ ἐνοπλος νὰ πάνουσι !—Ν' ἀποθάνῃ
νὰ κοιμηθῇ . . . 'Ιδού τὸ πᾶν ! καὶ μένον μ' ἔνα θηγού
νὰ ταῦθη ὥ πονόκαρδος καὶ τὰ δεινὰ τὰ χλιαρά
πονή εἰν' ή ψιρά τῆς σαρκός, συντέλεια θὰ ήτο
νὰ τὴν ἐπιθυμῆ κανεὶς ἐνθέρμως ! . . .

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

APART from the life of Henry Bradshaw, by Mr. G. W. Prothero—to be published immediately by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.—the Syndics of the Cambridge Press have in preparation a volume of his collected papers, edited by Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, which will be illustrated with photographic facsimiles of fourteenth-century books and MSS.

DR. K. E. GEORGES, of Gotha, will celebrate on November 15 the sixtieth anniversary of his activity as a lexicographer—"sein 60 jährige Berufsjubiläum als Lexikograph"; and Prof. Nettleship has drawn up a congratulatory letter, to be circulated for signature among his admirers in England. Dr. Georges, though in the eighty-third year of his age, is still at work. His new *Lexikon der Lateinischen Wortformen* is complete in MS., and the first part will appear immediately.

THE Syndics of the Cambridge University Press will shortly publish the *Life and Letters of Adam Sedgwick*, Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge from 1818 to 1873, by Mr. John Willis Clark. The geological portions of the work will be contributed by Prof. T. McK. Hughes, Sedgwick's successor in the Woodwardian chair.

On Saturday of last week a portrait of Dr. Routh, the mathematical tutor, was formally presented to his wife, in the combination-room of Peterhouse, by a number of his old pupils, including no less than thirteen senior wranglers. The painter was Mr. Hubert Herkomer.

BISHOP STUBBS has been elected to an honorary fellowship at Oriel, the college with which he is connected as formerly regius professor of modern history. But, as a matter of fact, like his successor in the chair, he was originally a fellow of Trinity.

MR. C. PRITCHARD, the Savilian professor of astronomy at Oxford, announces a course of

three or four lectures on the progressive knowledge of the "Construction of the Heavens," from the time of Ptolemy to the recent researches of Huggins and the meteor-hypothesis of Lockyer. The lectures will be illustrated, and expressed in as untechnical language as the case admits.

THE motion at the Oxford Union this week was one in favour of Vegetarianism, proposed by Mr. B. J. Walker, of Balliol. Prof. Mayor, of Cambridge, and the president of the London Vegetarian Society (himself an old Oxford man) were announced to take part in the debate.

THE November number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* contains an important paper by Dr. Venn on the physical measurement of students at Cambridge. Mr. Francis Galton discusses some of the results, and deduces the conclusion that the brain continues to grow in university students after the age at which it usually ceases to increase in the masses of the population; and that men who obtain high honours possess considerably larger brains than others of the same age. Mr. Galton also contributes the result of some enquiries regarding mental fatigue in schools.

THE Oxford University Calendar is henceforth to be issued in the Michaelmas term, with which the academical year begins. But a considerable part of the information formerly contained in it is now relegated to an *Historical Register*, which to some extent takes the place of the *Ten Year Book* of 1862 and 1873 and the *Honours Register* of 1883. Besides accounts of the university and the colleges, and lists of officers, professors, prizemen, &c., from the earliest times, there is also given an index of all who have gained university distinctions, and a table of the annual number of matriculations from 1571.

MR. HENRY TATE—in addition to previous benefactions—has just given £16,000 for the completion of the proposed library block of new buildings at University College, Liverpool. It is proposed to call the library by his name, and Mr. Rathbone has offered a bust of the donor to be placed in it.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A PRAYER TO ATHENA.

(From the *Shores of the Blue Mid-sea*.)

ATHENA ! I, whom love did once embolden
To worship in that temple which hath been
The crown of the world—thy suppliant, O Queen,
Hear me again from this far shore, in olden
Days of thy glory thine. Thou, who hast holden
Achilles by the hair, Wisdom serene,
Stand now by king and counsellors, unseen,
As in the dear dim dawn by song made golden !
Athene, Queen of the air, maiden divine,
Of all things on the subject earth most free,
Guard with thy sovereign strength the faint
new breath
Of freedom drawn in this loved land of thine,
Where for long years in fierce despite of thee
It has been strangled in the grasp of death.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

OBITUARY.

IN Mr. William MacDowall, who died in Dumfries last week at the age of seventy-three, Scotland has lost one of her oldest journalists, most devoted Burnsians, and best local historians. His *History of Dumfries* is a monument of well-directed industry; while others of his works, such as his *Burns in Dumfries*, and *Among the Old Scotch Minstrels*, testify to his enthusiasm for the literature of his native country. During the greater part of his active life, Mr. MacDowall was editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, one of the most successful

of Scotch provincial newspapers. He took much interest in such widely different subjects as phrenology and archaeology. He was a singularly amiable, modest, and unaffectedly pious man. We understand that Mr. MacDowall has been succeeded in the editorship of the *Dumfries Standard* by Mr. Thomas Watson, who had been his chief assistant for many years.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for November opens with a lucid survey of advances made in the question of early church organisation, by Prof. Sanday. It is urged that English scholars would do well to postpone their decision until a fuller discussion of other matters with which this question is connected has enabled them to grasp the problem in a more scientific way. We sadly fear that the caution is needed. The conception of criticism as an international debate has not yet found recognition by many in England; and we must, until we have learned more from the Germans, work out our problems from an English point of view. Profs. Milligan and Bruce continue their expositions of the Melchizedek priesthood of our Lord and the Epistle to the Hebrews respectively. Prof. Laidlaw continues his homiletic study on the Parable of the Lost Son, and Prof. Cheyne, besides short notes on books, contributes a study on Psalm xxxii.

THE last number of the quarterly *Revue des Etudes Juives* contains the continuation of M. J. Halévy's "Recherches Bibliques"; comprising a supplementary note on Amraphel, King of Sennar; somewhat about Gog of Magog, apropos of Gen. x.; and a long dissertation on the country of Gimirria, which is identified with the Kimmeria of Herodotus, and also with Cappadocia. M. Halévy takes his proofs from Genesis and the Assyrian-Babylonian tablets. An interesting article by M. Israel Lévi, the manager of the *Revue*, traces the legend of the Pride of Solomon, as it appears in the *Gesta Romanorum*, to a Talmudic source, as a gloss upon Ecclesiastes i. 7; although, of course, he admits, with Varnhagen (*Ein indisches Märchen auf seiner Wanderung*, Berlin, 1882) that the legend is primarily of Indian origin. M. Isidore Loeb continues his commentaries upon Josef Hacohen's *Emek Habakha*; or, *The Valley of Tears*, so well translated some years since into French by M. Julien Séé. M. Jonas Weyl writes on the tribulations of the Jews of Marseilles; and M. Léon Brunschwig on those of the Jews of Nantes. There is a family likeness between all these persecutions of the Hebrews which must make the endless repetition of their details somewhat uninteresting even to their co-religionists. Other articles are by Théodore Reinach, David von Gunzberg, Dr. Neubauer, and Moïse Schwab, the translator of the Talmud; and the miscellaneous notes are as interesting as usual. But, take it altogether, this current number, which begins vol. xvii., is by no means food for babes.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- AMAGAT. *Les Emprunts et les impôts de la rançon de 1871*. Paris: Pion, 10 fr.
JULLIEN, Ad. *Hector Berlioz: sa vie et ses œuvres*. Paris: Lib. de l'Art, 40 fr.
JUETI, C. *Diego Velazquez u. sein Jahrhundert*. Bonn: Cohen, 36 M.
PRÉBAULT. *Quatre contes de, illustrés par E. de Beaumont*. Paris: Boussod, 60 fr.
VILLON, François. *Le Jargon et Jobelin de. Texte, variantes, traductions etc. par Lucien Schöne*. Paris: Lemerre, 20 fr.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- KOLB, F. *Die Offenbarung, betrachtet vom Standpunkte der Weltanschauung u. d. Gottesbegriffs der Kabbala*. Leipzig: Fock, 6 M.

- LINK, A. *Die Einheit d. Pastor Hermae*. Marburg: Elwert, 1 M. 20 Pf.
LUTHARDT, Ch. E. *Geschichte der christlichen Ethik*. 1. Hälfte, Vor der Reformation. Leipzig: Dürffling, 9 M.

LAW AND HISTORY.

- DANIELSON, J. R. *Die nordische Frage in den J. 1746—1751. Mit e. Darstellg. russisch-schwedisch-finischer Beziehungen 1740—1745*. Leipzig: Koehler, 12 M.

- EBNER VON EBENTHAL, N. *Maria Theresia u. die Handelsmarine*. Trieste: Schimpff, 4 M.

- HARNEL, A. *Studien zum deutschen Staatsrecht*. 2. Bd. 2. Hft. *Das Gesetz im formellen u. materiellen Sinne*. Leipzig: Haessel, 8 M.

- HOLTZENDORFF, F. de, et A. RIVIERE. *Introduction au droit des gens*. Hamburg, 12 M.

- KELLER, L. *Johann v. Stanitz u. die Anfänge der Reformation*. Leipzig: Hirzel, 7 M.

- MAMEFFE, Edgar de. *La Principauté de Liège et les Pays-Bas au XVI^e siècle*. T. 1. Brussels: Van Trigt, 18 fr.

- RICKERT, H. *Zur Lehre v. der Definition*. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr, 2 M.

- RUEMLIN, M. *Das Selbstcontrahiren d. Stellvertreter nach gemeinem Recht*. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr, 9 M.

- SAUERLAND, H. V. *Trierer Geschichtsquellen d. XI. Jahrhunderts*. Trier: Paulinus-Druckerei, 5 M.

- SOLTAN, W. *Die römischen Amtszeiten, auf ihren natürlichen Zeitwerten reducirt*. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr, 2 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ENDRES, M. *Die Waldbewirtschaftung vom 18. bis Ende d. 18. Jahrhunderts*. Tübingen: Lamp, 5 M.

- KRAUSE, K. Ch. F. *Zur Geschichte der neueren philosophischen Systeme*. Hrsg. v. F. Hohlfeld u. A. Wünsche. Leipzig: Schulze, 8 M.

- WALTHER, J. *Die Korallenriffe der Sinaihalbinsel*. Leipzig: Hirzel, 6 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BAUNACK, J. u. Th. *Studien auf dem Gebiete d. Griechischen u. der arischen Sprachen*. 1. Bd. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Hirzel, 7 M.

- BETTE, F. *Quæstiones Appuleianæ*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck, 1 M. 50 Pf.

- GODFREY, F. *Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française*. Fasc. 53 (Plioter à Podne). Paris: Vieweg, 5 fr.

- HAUBY, J. *Quibus fontibus Aelius Aristides usus sit in componenda declamatione, quae inscribitur Παναθηναϊκός*. Leipzig: Fock, 70 Pf.

- HYMNEN, die, d. Rigveda. Hrsg. v. H. Oldenberg. 1. Bd. Metrische u. textgeschichtl. Prolegomena. Berlin: Besser, 14 M.

- NIEBUHR, O. *Syntaktische Studien zum altfrianzösischen Rolandliede*. I. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck, 2 M.

- ΠΙΝΔΑΠΟΤ τὰ σωζόμενα, μετὰ μεταφράσεων σημειώσεων καὶ πίνακος τῶν λέξεων, ὥπερ Κ. Κλεάνθους. Trieste: Schimpff, 20 M.

- STRASMAINE, J. N. *Babylonische Texte*. 4. Hft. Leipzig: Pfeiffer, 17 M.

- TSCHIRDEL, J. *Quæstiones Aeschinæae. De verborum insitiorum quadam genere*. Berlin: Heinrich, 1 M. 20 Pf.

- WENDORFF, F. *Erklärung aller mythologie aus der annahme der erringung d. sprechervermögens (mit vorzgl. berücksicht d. griech. u. sanskrit. idioms)*. Berlin: Nauck, 12 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN IDEAL SHAKSPERE.

Cambridge: Nov. 1, 1888.

Allow me to point out that, after all, the most essential point about "an ideal Shakspere" is that the lines in the scenes should be numbered; and not only so, but the numbering should correspond with that in the "Globe" Shakspere, especially in the prose passages. Unless this simple rule be remembered, the edition, however good in other respects, will be useless to the student. *Why* do publishers pride themselves so much upon making their books unserviceable in this respect?

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE ORIGINAL MS. OF WANSLEB'S "HISTORY OF THE COPTIC CHURCH."

Brasenose College: Nov. 3, 1888.

Students of eastern liturgies are familiar with Wansleb's *Histoire de l'Eglise d'Alexandrie*, a little work which is the best authority on the Coptic church in the seventeenth century, and which was published in Paris in the year 1677. But it is not generally known that the original Italian MS. on which the French edition was founded is preserved in the Bodleian. There

can be no doubt that this MS. is in Wansleb's own handwriting. It is clearly and beautifully written, with careful corrections and marginal notes, and bound in a contemporary binding of red calf. On a blank flyleaf at the end, in the same hand as the text, is written the interesting note:

"Ho finito di scrivere quest' opera in Costantinopoli li 15 di Giugno 1674 un Giovedì avanti mezzo giorno dopo che l'haveno cominciato li 10 del mese passato. Vanslebus."

The title sets forth that the work was composed in Cairo, during the years 1672 and 1673, and completed in Constantinople in 1674, and the learned author is described as "di Erfordia, Domenicano." There is no mention of the MS. in Quétif and Echard's *Scriptores Ordinis Praedicatorum*. A hasty comparison with the Paris edition reveals considerable differences, indicating on the whole that the latter is an abridgment. It is to be hoped that some competent scholar will undertake the work of translating and editing a document which can hardly fail to throw fresh light on Coptic church history.

ALFRED J. BUTLER.

AINU HYMNS.

Selling, Faversham: Oct. 25, 1888.

I beg permission to direct attention to the current part of the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan* (vol. xvi, p. 3), which contains what their translator, the Rev. J. Batchelor, modestly calls "Specimens of Ainu Folklore." They would rather seem to be primitive religious and mythological Hymns—to use a term now freely employed for the analogous archaic monuments of the Sanskrit, Avestan, and other tongues.

Mr. Batchelor (of the Church Missionary Society) has had the advantage, if such it be, of some seven years' intercourse with that moribund race, the hairy Ainu of Yesso, in their own homes; and this, with close study of the language, as it falls from the lips of the people, has enabled him to translate with an authority belonging to no other investigator of this special field, unless it the Russian Dobrotovsky. But he left no grammar of the Ainu speech, whereas Mr. Batchelor's grammar was published last year by the Imperial University of Tōkyō (Yedo). He also promises an Ainu dictionary at an early date.

Students of Ainu, or of Japanese, or of comparative mythology, would do well to compare these Hymns with the ancient Japanese Chants collected into one appendix to his translation of the *Kozhiki* (*Trans. As. Soc. Jap. x., supp.*), by Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, professor of Japanese and philology in the same university. The sixth hymn, "Kaori," deals, as I suggest, with the World-tree or Earth-axis, under the alias of a "Metal Pine-tree," in trying to tell which the gods break their swords; and to which, unwittingly, Mr. Chamberlain had already introduced us in the young Ainu's visit to the under-world (*pokna-moshiri*) (*Memoirs, Imp. Univ. i., 23, 24*). This marvellous tree was situated in the north, or, as Mr. Batchelor chooses to translate, "at the head of Japan." But how he makes this out of *samoro moshiri*, *moshiri peketa*, which, too, in his notes, he says means also "at the north, or north-east, or east end of the island of Nippon," he does not inform us; nor does he say where he gets either "Japan" or "Nippon"; and the now well-known fact that there really is no island of Nippon at all, only makes the matter worse. *Moshiri* would seem to mean primarily "island"; and thence, by extension, "country," "the world"; as in *pokna-moshiri* above. Thus the fabled metal pine-tree, the world-tree, has its head at the north, and is the same that is found in the

Chants of the *Kozhiki* (pp. 322, 364; 274, 356; 323, *ut sup.*) as a wondrous *tsuki* or a *ma-tsukami*—the Yggdrasill of Norse mythology, whose roots are in the under-world, and whose branches reach to heaven.

A very curious hymn, too, is the seventh, "Poiaumbé," in which we get a glimpse of Ainu totemism, men and women becoming deer, and deer men. Here, too, we find a precious survival of the holy heaven-mountain—"a very tall mountain whose top extended even into the skies; upon its summit was a beautiful house." This is "the true peak which pierces" in a *Kozhiki* chant (pp. 212, 349). It is also the "gourd-like celestial Mount Kagu" (*hisa kata no ame-no-Kagu-yoma*) in another song (*Ibid.*, pp. 215, 349). It is also, as it seems to me, the *Kuni no Ho*, the "land's acmé," as Mr. Chamberlain renders the "difficult expression"—the *omphalos*, the "hub" of the universe—in the song on pp. 245, 352 of the *Kozhiki*. The identity of the world-tree and the earth-axis is no longer open to doubt.

In a famine-legend, the second of these hymns, "Kimta-na," the gods relieve the people's hunger with a monstrous sea-lion, and are, therefore, regaled with offerings of *tonoto*, or rice-spirit, and honoured with *inao*, clusters of whittled willow sticks with the shavings left on. The first hymn also deals with one of those famines common to all Northern hunting tribes. The famished Ainu devote their last handfuls of rice-malt and millet to the brewing of a ceremonial cup of *tonoto*, as an offering to the divine Kamui, or gods (Jap. *Kami*), who forthwith send deer in herds and fish in miraculous shoals. *Tonoto* is, of course, the Japanese *sake* and the vulgar Chinese *samshu*. In the *Kozhiki* (pp. 239, 352, &c.) the Japanese deities are represented as "partaking not shallowly" of it; and there are numerous other passages and drinking-songs in which the earlier demigod Mikados are represented utterly drunk on *sake*. The Ainu are persistently addicted to *tonoto*, and, it is said, can drink four or five times as much as a Japanese. This may be doubted, for at a drinking-contest at Takasaki, in Jōshū, in 1877, the champion Japanese maltworm won a roll of silk by putting down his ten quarts (five *shō*) in half-an-hour; and competitors who had enough in one *shō* were considered to have but "very poor and unhappy brains." *Tonoto* drinking is sacramental with the Ainu, and libations of it to the Kamui are made as follows: three sprinkles to the fire-goddess; three towards the east window; three towards the north-east corner of the hut where the Ainu keeps his household "treasures" (perhaps a compromise between the earlier polar north and the later solar east); and three more to any particular god worshipped at the moment. The east window is now the sacred aperture, and none may look in through it but the glorious god of day. Outside it are placed *inao*, the shavings on which may be intended for rays or effulgence. Poles, too, are erected with skulls of bears or deer atop, like the similar poles with bullocks' skulls in Western Asia.

The legend "Piu-ham-piu" relates the slaying by the gods of the monster trout which filled the Great Lake, and is sometimes called "the backbone fish of the world." This is surely the gigantic Japanese *namadzu*-fish which causes earthquakes by its contortions, but is held down by the pillar which is the axis of the world. This water-monster is common to the legendary mythologies of many countries, and is, of course, none other than our old familiar friend the sea-serpent, with which Thor wrestles in the Loki episodes, and which he will fight again and kill at the end of the world, dying afterwards himself of the venom. The fish reappears in another of Mr. Batchelor's

hymns, *Tusunabanu*, as the bad sword-fish, whose "lower jaw shall be used in the out-house," whose "upper jaw shall be sunk with a stone," and who "must die a very hard and painful death." "Do not treat this Ainu history of the sword-fish lightly," says the last verse.

I have no intention of following Mr. Batchelor in undervaluing and casting ridicule on these naive survivals. And I would now merely desire to point out how these unexpected legends fall in with all that has been collected from other sources as to the world-tree, world-mountain, pillar, axis, pole, pivot, or *omphalos*—no matter how it has been called—and how they supply a few more links to the long chain of evidence of an extremely ancient and pre-solar worship of the pole-star.

JOHN O'NEILL.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.

Oxford: Nov. 5, 1888.

Mr. Mayhew's lament over my waywardness and allusion to my "poetical imagination" seem to me out of place and beside the point, and I doubt if there could be any gain to your readers in my discussing them. I am and was fully aware of the opinions and references he gives but, perhaps wrongly, I did not think it needful to cite them, the books being well known to all those who were likely to take any interest in the matter.

My contention is that *neowol nes* cannot mean "abyssmal chasm," or the like, as the authorities all think; and Mr. Mayhew will possibly agree with me that his orthodox wayfarers have stumbled here. I further showed some reason for supposing that certain of the Teutons, at least, believed in a Cliff of the Dead (see also Grimm iv. 1542, 1545, 1551, tr. Stallybrass) and that "Neowol Nes" was a name the Old English gave to it. The meaning of *neowol* does not affect my theory, for either "Steep Head" or "Black Cliff" would suit it. But when I found that *neowol* looked remarkably like *niöl*, and that the latter word is used in one authority, which, being of Colonial Scandinavian origin, is of some weight as to the English interpretation of the word, and that it there occurs as a synonym for "night," I began to suspect that "dark" not "steep" might possibly be the original meaning, and that Dr. Vigfusson and I, ignoring the O.E. *neowol*, had in C.P.B., i. 483, wrongly fancied *niöl* to be of non-Teutonic origin. Discarding the cases where *neowol nes* is a rendering of "barathrum" or "abyssus," for a reason which I still think sufficient, I found and find that the poetic passages do not necessarily contradict my hypothetical interpretation "dark." Other passages clearly give it as "headlong," "steep," "prone"; but I think it an open question whether this is not a secondary meaning, and I await further evidence.

Having again stated my case as plainly as I can, I shall here leave the matter.

F. YORK POWELL.

JUNIOR-RIGHT AMONG THE CANAANITES.

London: Nov. 6, 1888.

Dr. Neubauer's position is somewhat difficult to understand. In the ACADEMY of September 15 he proposed a theory to explain "junior-right among the Canaanites" in opposition to that which I had put forth. It is true his view was very obscurely expressed; but still it was distinctly a theory, the only objection to which was that it postulated a system of inheritance in which the second son is heir—a system unknown to archaeologists. On my pointing out this in the ACADEMY of October 27, Dr. Neubauer finds that he has no theory, but only a negative one, whatever that may mean. Yet,

in support of this non-existent negative theory, he produces rebutting arguments which would only have some validity if there was anything in the theory which Dr. Neubauer now repudiates.

Thus, his fertile imagination conjures up reasons why Ishmael, Esau, and Manasseh are not more sacred than their younger brothers, the assumption being that they ought to have been, as I urged, in Dr. Neubauer's non-existent theory of the superior sanctity of the first-born. According to him, Ishmael and Esau are eponyms, Isaac is not (how about Jacob?), while Manasseh and Ephraim were regarded as born in Egypt. To this I reply that tradition makes no such distinctions. To the early mind these names all equally represent personalities to whom are applied the social conditions ruling at the time and place of the rise of the traditions. Again, I am taken to task for ignorance of textual criticism in not knowing that the statement of the historian that the king of Moab's eldest son was his heir (2 Kings iii. 27) is merely a mistake of the historian's. Waiving the question whether we can apply the term "textual criticism" to a point where no question of the text is involved, I would ask Dr. Neubauer how he knows that the historian's statement is untrue, unless he is prepared to apply his discarded theory to Moab, and contend that primogeniture was not the rule in that country? I fancy that "textual criticism" would not have discovered the corruption of the passage, if it had not been pointed out to Dr. Neubauer that the passage proves the exact opposite of what he quoted it to prove.

Another inconsistency of Dr. Neubauer. He argues that junior-right does not apply to women, and yet he denies the junior-right of David, because in Chronicles (nearly the latest book of the Old Testament) David is declared to have had two sisters who may or may not have been younger than he—one of them was almost certainly elder, since her son, Joab, is David's contemporary.

Dr. Neubauer entirely misses my point about Rachel and the *Teraphim*, which had nothing to do with Jacob's or Laban's ignorance of her theft. Why does Rachel, and not Leah, her elder sister, take charge of the ancestral gods of the hearth? That is my point; and, if Dr. Neubauer were better acquainted with early custom, he would see its very great significance in confirmation of my general position. For it is with the hearth and the *penates* that junior-right is most tenaciously connected. Even as late as the thirteenth century a custumal of Kent declares that, while the rest of the property is to be divided among the children according to the custom of gavelkind, the hearth is to go to the younger son or daughter (Elton, *Origins*, p. 190). In this connexion it is not without significance to find David—himself a youngest son—in possession of the ancestral *Teraphim* (1 Sam. xix. 13). The very early date of the tradition contained in Gen. xxxi. is shown by the naive confession that idolatry existed in the homes of the patriarchs, and the quaint reference to the "Fear of Isaac." Whatever its literary provenance, the chapter clearly contains the very earliest stratum of tradition, and it is with this I am mainly concerned.

Dr. Neubauer brings forward as a difficulty of my theory that Eleazar, the eldest surviving son of Aaron, succeeds to the high priesthood in preference to his younger brother Ithamar (Num. xx. 25-8). Now I need scarcely tell Dr. Neubauer that the relative antiquity of the traditions about Aaron and his descendants is one of the most intricate problems of Pentateuch criticism (Wellhausen, *History*, I. iv.). If I chose to accept Wellhausen's position, I could make out, I think, a plausible case for the

heirship of Ithamar. The earliest high priests we know of in Hebrew history are his descendants—the very theophany of the passage quoted by Dr. Neubauer shows something exceptional in Eleazar's election; and even in the Pentateuch, redacted under the influence of high priests of Eleazar's line, there are passages in which Ithamar is represented as sole superintendent (e.g., Ex. xxxviii. 21, Num. iv. 28, 33). But I do not urge this, as my theory would be unaffected even if Eleazar had been represented in late tradition as the natural heir of Aaron. For it is part of my case that junior-right only existed in the very earliest times, and is only to be found with any consistency in the earliest traditions, which, everyone will allow, are those relating to the eponymous fathers (and mothers) of the race. Elsewhere we can only expect to find disconnected "survivals" of the custom, such as I fancy I can see in the case of David.

Let me add a word on a phrase to which Dr. Neubauer takes exception somewhat unnecessarily. "To blow hot and cold" is not a colloquialism; it is in the strict sense of the word classical, since it is derived from Aesop's fable of the "Satyr and the Man." However, I will avoid repeating the phrase, and content myself with saying that, in attempting to controvert my views on junior-right in Genesis, Dr. Neubauer has only succeeded in contradicting himself.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

DID THE WORD "ROAD" ORIGINALLY MEAN "A CLEARING"?

Oxford : Oct. 31, 1888.

In Prof. Earle's Introduction (p. cx.) to his important book which has lately appeared—*Land Charters and Saxon Documents*—I have met with the following passage:

"Some words not heretofore recognised will be found in the Glossary; particularly I would mention *rād*, a clearing in the forest, related to the Dutch *roding*, stubbing; see Weigand vv. Rod, Roden, Reuten. Here we have the source of our peculiarly English word for highway *road*, a word which awaited explanation."

As Prof. Earle is the official representative of Old English learning in the University of Oxford, and has devoted nearly half a century to studies connected with the subject of his chair, any explanation propounded by him of an English word of Teutonic origin is obviously sure to meet with a wide acceptance, and is likely before very long to find a place in the miscellaneous and questionable etymological matter without which no annotated edition of an English classic is supposed to be complete. If Prof. Earle's "explanation" be allowed to stand unchallenged, there is not the slightest doubt that we shall meet repeatedly in school editions of Shakspere's plays, Milton, Goldsmith, and Scott, the erroneous statement that *road* meant originally a clearing in the forest.

The fact is, there can be no etymological connexion between our modern *road* and the *rod* (a clearing) of the Charters, as the two words can be shown to belong to two distinct ablaut-series, the one belonging to the Indo-Germanic *e*-series of vowel-grades, the other to the *eu*-series.

I suppose that one of the most securely established facts of English etymology is that our modern *road* is the phonetic equivalent of Old English *rād* (a riding), and that this *rād* is in ablaut relation to Old English *rīdan* (to ride)—the series in Old English being *i*, *a*; *i*; in Primitive Germanic, *e*, *a*, *i*.

Now the forms cited by Prof. Earle from Weigand show conclusively that Old English *rod* (a clearing) belongs to the weak grade of

the series *ēo*, *ēa*, *u* (*o*) in Old English; *eu*, *au*, *u*, in Primitive Germanic. On this point, I would refer the student to that magnificent monument of disciplined industry, Förstemann's *Altdeutsches Namenbuch* (*Ortsnamen*), 1859, p. 1260, where under the stem *RUD*, he will find numerous examples of High and Low German derivatives, both in the *eu*-grade and in the weak *u*-grade. Förstemann gives long lists of names of places compounded with Old High German *riuti* (*novale*), with various spellings *-reut*, *-riod*, *-reod*, *-riad*, *-ried*, as well as with the Low German *rod* (*novale*)—the Old English *rod* in the Saxon charters.

That the vowel of this Old English *rod* (*novale*) was short we may infer from what has been said on the continental forms; but we have also independent testimony in the evidence afforded by the Huddersfield Dialect (English Dialect Society, 1883). In the glossary of that dialect we find that *-royd* (i.e., a clearing) is a very common word about Huddersfield in names of places, and in surnames derived therefrom, as *Holroyd*, *Ormeroyd*, *Highroyd*, *Huntroyd*, *Longroyd*, *Coteroyd*. Now, in this dialect, the diphthong *oi*, *oy* regularly points back to an older short *o* in an open syllable, as *hoil* (hole), from *hole*, Old English *hol*; *coil* (coal), from *cole*, Old English *col*; *goit* (sluice), cp. Old English *gōten* (poured out); *foil* (foal), Old English *fōla*. So then *royd* points back to *rode* from Old English *rod*. On the other hand, in Huddersfield our *road* (Old English *rād*) has quite a distinct pronunciation, namely, *rād*.

A. L. MAYHEW.

IS ENGLISH "HOLE" CONNECTED WITH GREEK *κοῖλος*?

Sheffield : Nov. 3, 1888.

Mr. Bradley, in the ACADEMY of November 3, says that the connexion, suggested by some eminent philologists a few years ago, between the Old English *hol* and the Greek *κοῖλος* is not now admitted; and he reaffirms the opinion which he had formerly expressed that my suggestion as to a possible connexion between *κοῖλος* and the dialectal form *hoil* is a "wild fancy."

Prof. Skeat, in the second edition of his *Etymological Dictionary* (1884) says "some endeavour to connect English *hole*, *hollow*, with Greek *κοῖλος*, hollow"; but in the "errata and addenda" appended to that edition he thinks that the suggestion "may be omitted," and he says that "the Anglo-Saxon *hol* follows so easily from Anglo-Saxon *hol-en*, pp. of *helan*, 'to hide,' that it seems best to keep to the solution in section B," in which the word is referred to the Teutonic base *HAL*, "to cover, hide."

The solution of the difficulty seems to depend on the length of the vowel. If Stratmann had thought that the vowel was long he would have written the Old English and cognate form as *hōl*, not *hol*. But what evidence have we that the Old English vowel was short? In the dialect with which I am most conversant the evidence is all the other way. Not only is the Yorkshire dialectal form *hoil*, but the word repeatedly occurs in old documents as *hoile*, *hoyle*, *houl*, *houle*, &c. It occurs in the surnames *Hoole* and *Hoyle*, which are common in Yorkshire, and also in the surname *Youle* (pronounced *yool*). Cf. *yowl* as a variant of *hoyle*, &c.

I should like to know what evidence there is that the vowel of Old English *hol* was short. If it was long, then, as Grimm's law has been complied with, the connexion between *κοῖλος* and *hol* is much more probable than the connexion between *hol* and *helan*, and my suggestion, so far from being a "wild fancy," is most probably right.

S. O. ADDY.

"RACK" AS A HORSE'S PACE.

Carraigagh, Co. Donegal : Oct. 29, 1888.

Mr. Baxter's note in the ACADEMY, October 13 (p. 242), caused me to hunt up this word more carefully. It is, I think, obsolete, or nearly so, in this country, and, according to Skeat, is equivalent to "rock." I am interested to find it is in common use in America. By the way, has anyone collected those obsolete English words which are still spoken in America? Such a collection would be very acceptable.

The manner in which I confounded the "rack" and "canter" will appear to anyone who turns to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, s.v. "Canterbury Gallop," which he defines as "the handgallop of an *ambling* horse, commonly called a *canter*; said to be derived from the monks riding to Canterbury on easy *ambling* horses."

In Dr. Murray's Dictionary also more instances of an apparent synonymy between "amble" and "canter" will be found. Now, Cotgrave, Bailey, Webster, and various other dictionaries agree that "ambling" was identical in action with "racking" and "pacing," and differed, if at all, only in quickness, either with regard to speed or with regard to the interval between the act of lifting the legs on one side of the body and those of the other. At present the word "ambling" is used in this country, so far as I know, of an easy gait, and I have heard it used synonymously with "canter," which I think most of my fellow countrymen will agree is the easiest of all. Yet it is strange that the word "ambling" is used in an apparently technical sense in many very early English writers (see, for instances, Halliwell, Murray), and that it appears to have been that ungainly and artificial movement which is generally regarded as of modern American origin. Gervase Markham writes:

"A racking pace is between an amble and a trot, though it and the amble have one manner of motion, that is to say, taking up of both legs of one side together, yet this racking moveth much swifter and shorter, striking thick, yet seldom beyond the step of the forefoot. This pace is of some reputed the easiest of all paces; but I leave that to everie severale mans feeling."

And he goes on to tell that it is to be taught in a month by riding him weary, and checkng him at the mouth to make him break his pace. And the "amble" is somewhat similarly obtained, but apparently with more difficulty, and with the aid of "trammels" or leathers, which are so fixed "that he cannot put forward his forelegge, but he must perforce halde his hinder legge after it" (*Countrie Farne*, p. 132). It is curious, if true, that the modern American trotter should have only perfected the pace which was once the most popular in the British Islands, though now almost, if not quite, discarded. The subject is, however, rendered very confusing by the contradictory statements of various writers. For instance, Dr. Murray quotes from Chambers (1751): "There is now no such thing as an amble in the manage; the riding masters allowing of no other paces beside walk, trot, and gallop." And Chambers is responsible also for the statement that "an amble is usually the first natural pace of young colts." Dr. Murray quotes also from Bradley's Family Dictionary: "The ambler is a little unapt to galloping, because the motions are both one." And, as an antidote to Chambers's "natural pace," read Nathan Bailey under "ambling" in his *Dictionarium Oeconomicum* of about the same date: "There is no motion of a horse desired, more useful, nor indeed harder to be obtained by a right way, than this," &c. Bailey gives many "right ways."

Perhaps if Mr. Baxter studies the subject from a purely literary point of view he will also become "puzzled."

H. CHICHESTER HART.

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE WIGHT."

Lisle Court, Wootton, I.W.: Nov. 4, 1888.

As your reviewer has done me the honour to express a doubt as to the style and title of the hero of my story, *The Captain of the Wight*, perhaps you will allow me to set his mind at rest.

Sir Edward Woodville was never "Earl of Rivers." That title was first borne by his father, Richard Woodville, lord treasurer and lord constable, father of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, who was raised to the peerage (27 Hen. VI.). On his death, after the battle of Edgecote, his son, the Lord Scales, succeeded to his titles and honours. This is the celebrated Earl of Rivers, the patron of Caxton, and himself an author of no mean repute, who makes so important a figure in the brilliant court of Edward IV. On his execution at Stoney Stratford by order of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., the title fell into abeyance until the accession of Henry VII., when the next brother, Richard Woodville, took it. On his death, in 1491, without male heir, the title again lapsed until 1626, when Thomas Lord Darcy, Viscount Colchester, was created Earl of Rivers (2 Car. I., Nov. 4), as claiming descent by the line of Worcester and Huntingdon from one of the daughters of the first Earl Rivers.

As to the "pseudo-archaic" style of which the reviewer complains, I would ask, What is an unfortunate author to do? If I write the conversations, as I should prefer, in modern language, I am told it is absurd and incorrect. If I use the language of Caxton and Sir Thos. Malory, I am said to use "Wardour Street English."

FRANK COWPER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 12, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of Drying Oils," by Prof. A. H. Church.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Niger Delta," by Mr. H. H. Johnston.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Distribution by the President of Medals, Premiums, and Prizes; "Friction-brake Dynamometers," by Mr. W. Worby Beaumont.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "South Africa as a Health Resort," by Dr. E. Symes Thompson.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "A Method of Investigating the Development of Institutions, applied to Laws of Marriage and Divorce," by Dr. E. B. Tyler.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14, 8 p.m. Microscopical: "List of Desmids from Massachusetts," by Mr. W. West.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of Pigments," I., by Prof. A. H. Church.

8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Historical: "Hugh Elliot at Naples, 1803-1806," by Mr. Oscar Browning.

8 p.m. Art and Oratory Exhibition: "Letter-press Printing," by Mr. Emery Walker.

8 p.m. Chemical: Ballot for Election of Fellows.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers, Students' Meeting: "Experiments on Beams," by Mr. Ed. O. de Segundo.

8 p.m. Philological: "The MSS. of the *Cursor Mundi* and their Dialects," by Dr. H. Hupe.

SCIENCE.

ANCIENT SEMITIC RELIGION.

Beiträge zur Semitischen Religionsgeschichte.
By Fr. Baethgen. (Berlin: Reuther.)

PROF. BAETHGEN'S volume of 316 pages is one of the most important contributions that have been made of late years to the study of ancient Semitic religion. It falls into two parts: the first gives a review of the divinities worshipped by the Semitic kinsfolk of the Israelites, most of which have been recovered from inscriptions; while the second part is devoted to an endeavour to show, contrary to the prevailing doctrine of modern scholars, that the primitive faith of Israel was monotheistic.

The first part of the book will be welcomed by every student of ancient religion. Prof. Baethgen has performed the much-needed task of drawing up a list of the deities adored by the Edomites, Moabites, Ammonites, Phoenicians, Philistines, Aramaeans, Nabathaeans, Arabs, Sabaeans, and Ethiopians, so far as they are known to us from inscriptions or ancient literature. No one who has occupied himself with the history of Semitic religion will be inclined to underrate the usefulness and importance of such a work. It will be found to be specially serviceable in the case of the Himyaritic inscriptions, where the want of a complete list of the divine names mentioned in them has long been felt.

Prof. Baethgen himself, however, would regard the first part of his book as merely the court of the Gentiles leading to the Hebrew sanctuary within. His object is to contrast the religion of the Israelites with that of their Semitic neighbours; and to show that whereas the latter was polytheistic, the religion of Israel centred from the first in the worship of only one God. He has presented his case with so much learning and lucidity that the advocates of the contrary doctrine will have to overthrow his arguments before they can again claim to treat the primitive polytheism of Israel as an established fact.

They may urge, however, that he has not applied the same standard of reasoning to the Israelites and to their so-called heathen neighbours. Thus he is willing to allow that the name of the Philistine prince Abimelech contains the name of the god Moloch, but he will not make the same allowance in the case of Abimelech, the son of Gideon. He admits that *melech* is "certainly a divine designation" in Malkishua, but affirms that Saul could never have called his son after a heathen deity. It is exactly this point, however, that is in dispute. Similarly, he refuses to see the name of the Canaanitish Baal in such titles as Jerubbaal and Eshbaal, though not only the Chronicler but also the authors of the books of Judges and Samuel held, as he allows, the opposite view. Yet it is impossible to distinguish between the religious belief which addressed Melkarth of Tyre as Baal and that which addressed Yahveh of Israel by the same title. We cannot say that those who adored Melkarth as a Baal were idolators, while those who adored Yahveh as a Baal were monotheists. What holds good in the one case must hold equally good in the other.

The disciples of Kuenen will also urge that Prof. Baethgen's arguments on behalf of a primitive monotheism in Israel drawn from the earlier history of the people assume what cannot be granted. That earlier history, he himself admits, has passed through the hands of later editors and compilers. How, then, do we know that they did not modify the older documents in accordance with their own views, omitting what was not consonant with them, or changing the words and expressions of the original? Had it not been for the Chronicler we should never have known that the Eliada of 2 Sam. v. 16 was really named Baalyada. The passage in the Song of Deborah so much insisted upon by Prof. Baethgen—"They chose new gods"—is capable of more than one interpretation, and it has even been proposed to amend the text.

At all events, the verse as it stands is self-contradictory. Still more unsatisfactory is the conclusion Prof. Baethgen derives from the statement of Ezekiel, that the Israelites did not forsake the worship of the Egyptian gods after their departure from Egypt. He holds this to mean that they did not practise any other form of idolatry in the wilderness! The worship of Baal-Peor implies the contrary. The title of the "Book of the Wars of the Lord," moreover, can hardly be said to prove anything against Kuenen's view, since the supreme God of Israel was emphatically "a man of war."

For myself, I find it impossible to follow Prof. Baethgen in his attempt to show that the use of the plural *Elohim* for the singular "God" did not originate in polytheism. That the word continued to be recognised as a plural we know from the fact that it was sometimes employed in that sense, and the only conceivable reason why it came to be applied to the One God of Israel is that the plural was originally more familiar to the Israelites than the singular. People do not use the plural when they mean the singular unless what was once a plural conception has become a singular one, and such terms as *pluralis majestatis* and the like are either tautological or unmeaning. I do not understand how Prof. Baethgen can assert that there could have been no local forms of Baal, no Baalim in short, in the wilderness (p. 202). Wherever there was a sacred mountain or a sacred cairn there could be a local Baal, and the Sinaitic inscriptions are a proof that life in the desert did not imply monotheism.

It is a pity that Prof. Baethgen's want of acquaintance with Assyrian has prevented him from turning to sources of information which are indispensable for the study of Semitic religion. Had he been able to do so he would have seen that El or Ilu was not a specific deity in the Babylonian pantheon, as was formerly supposed, that the development of star-worship in Judah can hardly have been due to Assyrian influence (p. 240), that the revival in Judah of the sacrifice of the first-born by fire cannot be laid to the charge of the Assyrians, as they do not seem to have practised the rite in historical times, and that the reading *Malik-ram* as the name of an Edomite king should be corrected into *A-rammu*, *A* being a well-known Babylonian deity, whose name probably enters into that of Ehud. He would further have learned that *sarrat*, the Hebrew Sarah, is a title applied to the supreme goddess; that *abu* is an epithet of Bel (see, among other instances, *W. A. I.*, iii. 3.13); and that more than one deity is entitled Dan, "the judge." Without a knowledge of Assyrian, in fact, it is impossible to investigate satisfactorily the religion of ancient Canaan. Apart from the abundance of material afforded us by the Assyrian tablets, the intimate relation of Assyrian and Hebrew makes Assyrian all-important for the explanation of mythological expressions and proper names, to say nothing of the influence exercised by Babylonian literature upon Palestine in the century before the Exodus, which has recently been revealed to us by the cuneiform tablets of Tel el-Amarna.

Prof. Baethgen, with good reason, lays considerable stress on the fact that the language of the Old Testament has no word for

"goddess." It is here that the great gulf is fixed between the Old Testament and the records of Assyria or Phoenicia. But it is only the language of the Old Testament, be it remembered. When Prof. Baethgen says that the fact "can only be explained on the supposition that the idea [of goddess] had not yet been conceived in the creative period of the [Hebrew] language," he forgets that Hebrew was "the language of Canaan," and that the language of Canaan possessed a word for "goddess." It is only from the Old Testament that all traces of it have been carefully excluded, though even here we meet with proper names like Naamah and Hannah which are identical with the names of Phoenician goddesses. Dr. Neubauer has even suggested that the name of Tanith may be found in Judg. xi. 40. It is met with at all events in the local name of Taanath-Shiloh in Josh. xvi. 6.

I have left myself no space for dealing with what Prof. Baethgen has to say on the subject of mythology. Here, however, he has again used a different measure for the Israelites and their Semitic kindred. He tells us of certain Arab gods that, "according to the euhemeristic interpretation of the Bedouin, these five were originally names of famous men who lived between Adam and Noah." Why, then, should that which is possible in the case of the Bedouin be impossible in the case of the Hebrews? On this point Prof. Rhys's Hibbert Lectures may be studied with advantage by Semitic scholars. A reference to Assyrian, moreover, would have preserved Prof. Baethgen from maintaining that the meaning of the suffix in "Samson" is the same as that of the suffix in "Shimshai." The name of the god Rammān or Rimmon alone would have shown the contrary. In short, it seems to me that the professor's usually clear and sound judgment has been warped by a preconceived theory when he comes to deal with the mythology of his subject. It has led him to identify Adah, the wife of Esau, in Gen. xxxvi. 2, with the Basemath of Gen. xxi. 34, instead of, as is obviously the case, with Judith. It has further led him to forsake the comparative method of interpretation by means of which alone scientific results can be established.

But, whether we agree with his conclusions or not, they are the conclusions of a sound scholar, who has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and can put his thoughts into clear and intelligible German.

A. H. SAYCE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MAJOR POWELL, the director of the Geological Survey of the United States, will deal, in his forthcoming report, with the systematic classification of soils, based upon their geological genesis. If the materials have been transported from a distance, the soil is "exogenous"; if formed in place "endogenous." The term "alluvium" he restricts to soils formed by running water, and the term "colluvial" may be replaced by that of "displacement soils."

THE first sheet of the International Geological Map of Europe, comprising a large part of Germany, has been printed in colours in Berlin, and was submitted, in proof, to the recent congress by M. Hauchecorne, of the Geological Survey of Prussia. The general

principle followed in the colouring, except in the case of the coal-measures, is that the older the formation the deeper is the tint by which it is represented. The sedimentary strata in this map are coloured in twenty-four tints, the archæan rocks in three, and the eruptive rocks in nine. The completion of the map will necessarily be the work of some years.

THE "Premier Inventaire de la Géométrie du Triangle," by M. E. Vigarié, which forms part of the recently issued *Proceedings* of the Association Française pour l'Avancement des Sciences (Congrès de Toulouse, 1887), contains a compendium of the most useful results of this modern geometry, and will be most handy for reference to students. The author proposes to extend his labours to a similar compilation for the extensions to quadrilaterals, polygons, and figures in space.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. WOLSELEY P. EMERTON has published a pamphlet on *The Threefold Division of Roman Law* (Stevens & Sons), with special reference to the text of Gaius—"Omne jus quo utimur vel ad personas pertinet, vel ad res, vel ad actiones." He shows, by abundant quotations, that the jurists did not ignore the distinction between *aut* and *vel*; and that consequently this familiar passage is to be interpreted, not as laying down a fundamental classification of jurisprudence, but merely as suggesting a convenient mode of treatment.

WE have also received a translation into English prose of the first book of the *Aeneid* by A. (Oxford: Blackwell.) While not denying that the anonymous author is occasionally felicitous in his rendering of words and even phrases, we cannot commend a principle of translation which leads to such results as—"What bale doth hound thee on mid perils thus enorm!"

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 27.) W. C. H. CROSS, Esq., president, in the chair.—The proceedings commenced with a consideration of the "As You Like It" passages which Mrs. Henry Pott supposed to be echoes from Bacon's *Promus*. Miss M. Catherine Smith had collected these from Mrs. Pott's edition of that work without any reference to the theory which had led to its publication, but merely that a judgment might be formed as to the similarity between the two. This, even in the slightest degree, it was difficult to see, and any connexion between them was of course out of the question, although it would not be surprising to find that minds such as Shakspere's and Bacon's would, at points, occasionally touch one another.—Mr. H. C. Trapnell read a paper on "Touchstone." He said that in these days of subjective novels, an analytical writer might, in the personality of Touchstone, find a congenial, if not an easy, subject. Assigned to definite limits, a critic can only, in the Miltonic sense, "admire" this court-fool with his perception of the un-courtliness of the messenger who invited Rosalind to witness the breaking of a wrestler's ribs; this member of an unknightly order with his sneer at the "honour" which could be invoked to vouch the quality of pancakes; this half-acknowledged sage with his satire upon the "philosophy" which affirmed ignorance to be sin, and upon the "culture" that denied to one not admitted to the life of a court the possibility of good manners; this scornful reviewer with his criticism of Orlando's feeble verses, and his scepticism as to the sincerity of poets in general; this faded lover, with his fleeting reminiscence of a tearful romance, long past, having for sequel the aimless finality of a marriage with Audrey; this aspirant to matrimony with his depreciation of the union of beauty and truth in one woman, and his devotion to the fair exiles, in one, at least, of whom both attributes appeared to have found sanctuary. If we were to

look quite into his life, we should not be unprepared to find that, whatever his fidelity to others, he had proved traitor to himself. His utterances too often remind us of one who has eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but who has not fulfilled the trust thereby created, and who then renounces the responsibility of saying serious things seriously. His words, for the outside world, are likely to be of little more significance than the warnings of a Cassandra; and he contents himself, as best he may, with veiled speech that only suggests his perception of wisdom, and Rosalind's simile of the medlar is his reward.—Mr. Walter Strachan read a paper on "Jaques," whose character is the more interesting as his prototype is not found in the book from which Shakspere took the materials of the play. We like Jaques for his pathetic moralising; but we could never love him because his "melancholy" takes the form of a bitter railing instead of a good-natured cynicism. His real desire to wear the motley was that he might gratify his malevolence against the world, and suffer no retaliation.—A paper on "Jaques" was also read by Mr. L. M. Griffiths, who said that the character had suffered much from its lack of appreciation on the stage. The student is able, apart from such disturbing influence, to regard the character as Shakspere drew it. Here we have one who had seen a vast deal of the world, to whom we owe much for the fearlessness of his moral lessons, but one who has been misjudged because of an occasional surface-roughness of manner; one who is an intellectual giant compared with all whom he meets in the forest; one who, when alone, betrays much gentleness of character, and who is tenderly considerate for those in real difficulty. The impression which Shakspere intended him to leave on our minds is that of one wishing to profit by religious association with the converted Frederick. Hearing from him pleasant commendations to all concerned, we part from one saddened by the hollowness of social life, but who was at heart a kindly, commonsense gentleman.—The meeting closed with the reading of Mr. F. A. Daniel's "Time-Analysis of 'As You Like It,'" which brought out several interesting points easily overlooked.

MANCHESTER GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, October 27.)

THE REV. F. F. CORNISH in the chair.—Dr. G. H. Bailey read a paper on "Goethe as a Student of Chemistry." The lecturer pointed out how at a very early age Goethe's love for the study of nature showed itself—in rather fantastic fashion as yet—by the erection of an altar of natural products, the whole surmounted by sulphur, as a type of the unity of nature. His earliest serious study of chemistry partook somewhat of the same mystical character. After his return in ill-health from Leipzig in the autumn of 1768, he and his friend, Fräulein von Klettenberg (in whom love for alchemy was an inherited taste), together made a regular study of such works on alchemy as the *Aurea Catena Homeris*, von Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum*, the writings of Paracelsus, Boerhaave, and others. The first of these works (in no way connected with the Greek singer, Homerus being here the cognomen given in the Rosenkreuzerbund to its author, Anton Joseph Kirchweger) especially fascinated Goethe, and exercised no inconsiderable influence on him through life, its fundamental principle, the essential continuity of nature, being one that he ever sought to verify in all branches of natural science. At this time, as later and in all his works, Goethe worked not merely theoretically, but practically, getting together all the necessary apparatus for an alchemist's laboratory. During his stay in Strasburg his work in this direction was not entirely suspended, but was at any rate kept secret from dread of Herder's sharp tongue; perhaps, too, it was somewhat crowded out by the multitude of other interests. When he went to Weimar, however, Goethe resumed it, turning his knowledge of chemistry now to practical account for the study of mineralogy, which his official duties made imperative on him, and which he pursued in his own characteristic experimental fashion. Henceforward his interest in the subject never died out. We find him seeking information from an intelligent apothecary, Buchholz; and, in 1795, at the age of forty-six, he

went regularly, often through deep snow, to Jena, to attend the chemistry lectures of Göttling, whose appointment was due to him. With Göttling's successor, Döbereiner (the discoverer of the self-igniting lamp, known as Döbereiner's lamp), Goethe was in frequent correspondence. He has constantly some question to propound to him, and is evidently quite *au fait* with Döbereiner's practical experiments. For instance, he is much interested in Döbereiner's idea of adding manganese oxide and powdered glass to iron to produce steel; and the commercial spirit, as he says, coming over him, he urges Döbereiner to keep the matter secret. Again, we find him supplying Döbereiner with 100 thalers to enable him to experiment on a cheaper and simpler gas than the coal gas as prepared in England, which he thinks might be got from carbon and water at a high temperature. Here, apparently, said the lecturer, we have the introduction of a line of industry which is only to-day beginning to bear fruit—viz., that of preparing a cheap gaseous fuel. It is to Goethe's influence, too, that Jena owes its chemical laboratory, opened in 1820. So much for Goethe's practical work as a chemist. For the right understanding of much of his literary work, however, particularly, of course, of his "Faust," we must take into account also his early researches in alchemy. Dr. Bailey then gave a sketch of the conditions which obtained in the alchemical societies of the time, such as the Rosenkreuzerbund, and quoted a number of passages from Goethe's works in which references are made to alchemy, and which can only be explained through a knowledge of alchemical lore. The lecturer concluded with a warm tribute to Goethe's work as a true student of science, and no mere dilettante, drawing attention especially to the breadth and boldness of his conception of the workings of nature. After a few remarks from the chairman and Mr. Preisinger on the paper read, the hon. secretary drew the attention of the meeting to another evidence of Goethe's practical turn of mind, as given in a recent pamphlet by Fr. Bertheau, of Rapperswil. There it is stated that the remarks on the spinning industry in the third book of the *Wanderjahre* are really an accurate description of the Zurich cotton industry of the last century, with all the intricacies more clearly explained than Bertheau himself or any other manufacturer would undertake to do. The hon. secretary then gave a brief account of the aim and scope of the Weimar edition of Goethe's works, and showed by instances of curious misprints how much the ordinary text requires revision. He criticised in some particulars the first volume of poems, and referred especially to the new version of the ballad, "Es war ein König in Thule," in the so-called *Urfaust*, which almost agrees, in the first part, with the older version (in von Seckendorf's *Volks- u. andere Lieder*, published in 1782, with the remarks at the end, "aus Götzens D. Faust"), and, in the second part, with the later form of the ballad; and he suggested that Goethe revised the ballad in Weimar, and that Fräulein von Göchhausen copied the revised version, while von Seckendorf printed the older version which Goethe had brought to Weimar.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, November 2.)

The Rev. DR. R. MORRIS, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Prof. Skeat, on "English Words from Mexican and other Western Sources, with some English Etymologies." Prof. Skeat said that the old Mexican language was written with Spanish letters. The Franciscan Olmos, about 1547, used these letters for that purpose, at a time when, in his pronunciation, some of the letters had different values from their present ones. Thus *e* and *qu* were like Eng. *k* before *a*, *o*, *u*; *e* before *e* and *i* was like *s* in "sin." Both *c* and *z* had the sound of our *z* in "zone." *H* (like G. *ch*) was only used before or after *u*, or sometimes *o*. *X* was then like Eng. *x* in "mix." Mexican had only the voiceless checks, *k*, *t*, *p*; not the voiced checks, *g*, *d*, *b*. *L* could not begin a word. The compound symbols are *tl* (as in "battle"), *ch* (as in "much"), and *tz* (perhaps Eng. *j*). The Spanish names, Felix, Diaz, Martin, Lorenzo, became in Mexican, Pelix, Tiaz, Maltin, Olenzo. A large number of words ended in *tl*, which was dropped in forming compounds, as in

teo-calli, god-house, temple, from *teotl*, a god, and *calli*, a house. The *ll* was sounded as in modern Italian, not as in modern Spanish. A bee was called a *quauhneucayilli*, lit., tree-honey-fly, clipped forms from *quauil*, tree, *neuilli*, honey, *cayilli*, fly; much as if we were to say "trunfly" (from tree, honey, fly). Mexican words in English are "cacao," "chocolate," "copal," "jalap," "ocelot," "tomato," "axolotl." "Maguey" is not Mexican at all, as the books say. Mexican had no *g* or *gu*, and the Mexican name for it was *metl*. "Pulque" does not seem to be Mexican either. "Popoca-tepetl" means smoking-mountain, volcano; *popoca* is a verbal base, and all verbal bases end in *a*, *i*, or *o*. "Azteca," pl. sb., the Aztecs, is derived from *Aztlan*, the country. The Spanish *petate*, a mat, is from Mexican *petatl*. As to West-Indian words, most of them belong to some dialect of the island of Hayti, which the Spaniards made their headquarters in early voyages. The following seem to be Hayti words: "barbecue," "cacique," "canoe," "cassava," "guaiacum," "hammock," "hurricane," "iguana," "maize," "manati," "potato," "tobacco," "yucca." "Maguey" seems to be Cuban. The next language from which the Spaniards borrowed was Caribbean; hence "cannibal," "macaw," "pirogue." Perhaps "mahogany" is from Central America, Honduras. "Cayman" seems to have been common to Caribbean and the north coast of South America. The words that seem to be from this same north coast, or from its neighbourhood, are "agouti," "caoutchouc," "cayman," "cayne," "guava," "tou," "wourall" (also "curare," the poison, a Guiana word). Some other English words were discussed. Thus "cresset" is ultimately from Lat. *crassa*, grease. "Filbert" is, in Normandy patois, *noix de Filbert*, nut of St. Philibert. The drink called "flip" is, in the same patois, *philippe*, and is alleged to be the same word as *Philippe*, a pet form of Philip. "Yam," from Portuguese *inhame*, is, at last, definitely located as African, from Benin. Hackluyt spells it "inamia" (*Voyages*, vol. ii., part 2, p. 129).

Copley Fielding in the South Kensington Museum accompanies Mr. Monkhouse's eleventh article on the Early English Water-Colour Painters.

THE Art Journal for November has a good photogravure after Mr. Wood's pretty picture of an Italian girl descending some steps by "The Water-wheel," which gives its name to the design. To this number Mr. Claude Phillips contributes an excellent article on Jean-Jacques Henner. Mr. Phillips is scarcely rash in his prophecy that the work of such a poet-painter and such a fine and original executant, will outlive most of the "copious Art of to-day."

THE art of Peter Brueghel (or, more properly, Brueghel) the elder—the very reverse of "high art," but yet so vigorous and humorous and thoroughly Flemish—forms the subject of an article by M. Emile Michel in the last number of *L'Art*, and is to be followed by other papers on other artists of the same family. The part contains also an article by M. Julien Tiersot on the "Maitres Chanteurs de Nuremberg" of Richard Wagner. Both papers are abundantly illustrated. The etching is an original one by M. Baurin, called "Mangeur de Soupe."

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the northern Water-Colour Society—the first since its adoption of the prefix of "Royal"—is at present open in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. It may be pronounced a good display, though none of the honorary members contribute—the absence of any examples of Sir Wm. Fettes Douglas's always delightful water-colour landscapes is to be regretted—and though some of the leading supporters of the Society are not this year seen at their best. The French influence, always to be noticed in a Glasgow exhibition, is here less obtrusive, on the whole, than usual. The rooms, including only works by members of the society, contain less that is positively unsightly than is frequently the case in provincial exhibitions that are open to all comers; and certain of the younger painters exhibit very marked and gratifying signs of progress.

Mr. Francis Powell, the president of the society, is fully represented by work which is at least careful and well-considered, if uniformly feeble in handling and poor in colour. Some of the strongest work on the walls is from the studio of Mr. William McTaggart, *par excellence*, among Scottish artists, the painter of air and sunlight. He is not seen at his highest in the "Autumn Idyl"—a cornfield, with figures of rustic children; but he has never produced finer work—more unlaboured and spontaneous play of blending, palpitating colour—than in "The Fishers' Landing," with its exquisite brilliancy, its sense of boundless extent of sun-filled air and sun-smitten sea. Hardly less exquisite is "West Haven," another coast scene with fisher figures, and sea crisping into foam, and sky satisfied with sun; while his larger subject, "In the Surf," shows, with incisive force, a colder, crisper effect—a scene on some chill northern coast, with the green and blue of keen-coloured waves intermingling and sliding momentarily from tint to changeable tint.

Mr. Arthur Melville is another prominent exhibitor, though he is represented by only two works, and those of moderate size and comparatively slight execution. He is eminently an artist who knows when to stop, who will not smite the imagination and the interest of the spectator on the face by any too great insistence upon obvious elaboration, or attempted realisation of detail; who, at all

FINE ART.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

THE contents of the *Magazine of Art* are, as usual, varied and well written. Mr. Frith contributes some very sensible remarks on "Realism versus Sloppiness," and Mr. W. M. Rossetti a paper on the portraits of his brother, Dante Gabriel, which will be read with much interest. The portraits with which the article is illustrated are—one at the age of six after a miniature by Filippo Pistrucci, another at eighteen after a pencil drawing by Rossetti himself, a medallion by John Hancock, the head from Millais's "Lorenzo and Isabella," and Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait at the age of twenty-five. The art of Mr. Alfred Gilbert is well illustrated in the first article, which is devoted to his sculpture; and also in a paper on "Insignia of Mayoralty" by Mr. Lewis F. Day, into which a representation is introduced of Mr. Gilbert's beautiful and ingenious design for the collar badge, &c., for the Mayor of Preston, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy this year.

THE *Portfolio* contains a "first" article on David Teniers the younger by Mr. F. G. Stephens, who calls him the "most brilliant and accomplished artist of the Flemish School of the seventeenth century," illustrated with an etching by Mr. G. W. Rhead after the "Money Changers" or "Misers" in the National Gallery, and other reproductions in the text. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell give an interesting account of the extremely clever Spanish illustrator, Daniel Vierge, who, after some years of inaction, having been paralysed in the right side, is now hard at work again with his left hand. Some good specimens of his wonderful draughtsmanship illustrate the article. An excellent photogravure of a sea piece by

hazards, aims at an artistic effect, strives to be suggestive and beautiful, and suggestive of qualities—such as motion and sunlight—which could be hardly suggested at all by a method of execution more elaborated than that which he habitually adopts. The Eastern subject, which occupies a centre place on a wall of the west gallery, "Street Scene—Bagdad," is as fine as anything we have seen from his brush, admirably artistic in the way in which the mellow white walls fade off into the colder white of the sky, in the effect of the spaces of spiritedly suggested detail in the grey-blue lattice-work, in the fresh and powerful passages of shadow which relieve the figures, and in the incisive touches of vivid and delightful colouring by which these are expressed. The other street scene that Mr. Melville exhibits is a homelier one, "Kirkwall Fair"; but this too is treated with excellent artistry. The quaint gables, the wet gleaming street ascending in long grey perspective, and the hurrying crowd of dark, vividly rendered figures are combined with excellent skill, and fine reticence of method, into a very delightful work of art.

Mr. Tom Scott, one of the most vigorous and powerful of the younger Scottish water-colour painters, shows work that would be remarkable if from another hand, but that hardly reaches his own highest level of production. His contributions are curiously chilly in tone, and less spirited and selective in treatment of foreground detail than is usual with this painter. Probably the finest subject that he shows is "Landscape near Blairgowrie," in which we have an accomplished rendering of sky and distance. Mr. R. B. Nisbet, another able landscapist, is at his best in several of his smaller subjects, especially in certain ruddy effects of sunset, which are rendered with admirably brilliancy and transparency, and with a fine sense of cloud motion. His "Ruined Castle"—a subject of important size—has been subjected to careful revision and repainting since it was shown in the Royal Scottish Academy. Its sky is now eminently satisfying, full of gradation, and clear, quiet beauty of colouring; but the strong tree-masses to the left, though they have been lightened and varied in colour, seem still a little too solid and heavy in their pronounced tones of green. His other large picture, "After Rain," would also be improved by the introduction of greater delicacy and tenderness in the darker portions of the sky, and in the foliage of the middle distance. Mr. J. H. Lorimer has some charmingly toned little continental subjects, delightful in their piquant schemes of pearly grey. Of these are "A Sun Dial—Cathedral of Chartres," and the "Spires and Roofs of Chartres"; while the view of "The Towers of St. Andrews" is eminently graceful in the tall building that rises from a shadowed base, and stands clear and mellow against a cool blue sky. Mr. James Paterson's work may be open to a charge of mannerism, in its constant reiteration of certain habitual schemes of greys and pale greens; but, at least, the manner of this painter is his own, a genuine outcome of his individuality, not a style adopted from another. His "Early Spring, near Dunglasson," conveys the very flavour—the chill, fresh, diffident promise—of the dawning year, the ground and sky alike charged with moisture, and waiting for the sunshine to brighten them into newness of vernal life. Very harmonious, too, singularly full of a sense of unity, is his poetic scene, "Under Craignee," with its fine corner of grey evening sky, dominating the dark hill-side and the depth of the shadowed stream; and he also shows two accomplished examples of flower painting, studies of "Niphos Rose," and of "Azalea." Miss C. P. Ross is an artist

who steadily, though very gradually, has been gaining in artistic power and delicacy. In her "Gateway in William the Conqueror's Palace, Rouen," we have some passages of the violent and discordant combinations of colouring which used to be recurrent in her productions, though the picture has much charm in the spirited draughtsmanship of the porch; but her view "From a Window in Verona" is an admirable sketch, full of ardent mingling of potent tones. Her finest work, however, is a large study of "Peruvian Poppies" against a background of variously toned and graduated browns—a picture finely expressive of the filmy texture of the petals, and, in its colour, a very revel of glowing richness. Among the other examples of still-life painting may be named three accomplished studies of dead birds by Miss J. H. Shield. Of the few, and not very notable, figure-pictures in the exhibition a first place is claimed by Mr. Thomas Hunt, who shows a characteristic "Village Cobbler," and a still more admirable figure of an old gentleman drawing, with tenderest care, a cherished bottle of "Old '34." Mr. S. Reid has an excellent mounted figure of a lady seen "In an Avenue," relieved against its autumn leafage of russet and gold, very spirited in the form and attitude of the steed. Mr. A. D. Reid sends one of the tenderest and most delicate water-colours that we have seen from his hand—a view at "Catacol, Arran"; and Mr. R. W. Allan shows some telling Dutch views of church, and canal, and market.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. ROBERT DUNTHORNE will have on view next week—at The Rembrandt Head, Vigo Street—examples of the five etchings by Mr. Macbeth, after pictures by Velasquez and Titian in the Madrid Gallery, to which we have before called attention.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS lectured on Monday evening, November 5, at Barrow-in-Furness, on "The Story of an Egyptian Mound," giving a full account of M. Naville's excavation of the Great Temple of Babastis, illustrated by lime-light views of the Sculptures discovered during the last two seasons. Miss Edwards also lectures this week at Kendal, Carlisle, and Greenock, on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt"; and at Paisley, on November 12, on "The Story of an Egyptian Mound." On the following day, at the Philosophical Institute, Edinburgh, she will deliver an address on "Egypt, the Birthplace of Greek Art."

THE Art Workers Guild, having become the tenants of the ancient hall of Barnard's Inn, are prepared to sublet it, when not occupied by themselves, to other societies—literary, artistic, antiquarian, or debating. The hall is a fine example of mediaeval architecture, dating from the fifteenth century. It has an open timbered roof, and the lower walls are panelled with the linen pattern. The court-room would make an admirable committee-room, and there are convenient offices attached. The hon. secretary—Reginald T. Blomfield, 27 Woburn Square—will be happy to furnish particulars.

WE have not always been able to praise the *Archaeological Review* (David Nutt), but the current number contains at least three articles that are deserving of attention. Mr. L. R. Farnell, of Exeter College, Oxford, writes on "The Origins of Greek Sculpture," maintaining the novel view that free sculpture of the human form was developed out of fetish blocks, uninfluenced by teaching from either Egypt or Assyria. The Greek, by the way, in this article is sadly to seek. Mr. G. Lawrence Gomme attempts to prove, with much in-

genuity, that freebench in lands of copyhold tenure is not to be connected with dower, but is rather to be regarded as a survival of the archaic custom of widow-inheritance. Mr. Walter Rye prints a number of extracts from a gaol delivery roll of the county of Norfolk for the fourteenth year of Edward I., illustrating the character of crimes and the fate of prisoners at that time. Finally, we may observe that there is issued with this part an exceptionally copious index to the first volume, filling no less than twenty-two pages.

THE Art Annual is this year devoted to Mr. J. C. Hook, of whose life and work Mr. F. G. Stephens furnishes a full account. He has been allowed to make use of the papers by Mr. A. H. Palmer, recently published in the *Portfolio*; and the artist and his family have supplied him with other fresh matter. The illustrations—though some are not so good as might be wished—are numerous, and represent the artist as painter, etcher, and sketcher.

MR. HERBERT BELL, of Ambleside, has sent us a series of ten photogravures of scenery in the Lake District. Regarded as photographs, they are more remarkable for softness of distance than for precision in detail. Perhaps the two best are "Grasmere" and "Striding Edge, Helvellyn." But as permanent reproductions by the photogravure process, we can award them unqualified praise. Not the least of their merits is their low price—only 2s. for each print.

THE STAGE.

ONLY a few days after the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club had entertained the most popular comic actor in England with honours rarely showered on comedian or tragedian of old, but which come to him now indeed as part of his daily business, Mr. Toole's private life became permanently saddened, and his very career, as we greatly apprehend, endangered, by the death of his only remaining child, who was with him in the north. It is but a few years since the death of his son—an event touched upon with admirable delicacy in the volume of *Recollections* by Mr. Toole and Mr. Joseph Hatton, which has lately been circulated. The blow is perfectly well known to have been one under which the favourite comedian reeled—he was ill for many months after its occurrence. Public sympathy of course went much with an actor, not only so popular in his craft, but, personally, so esteemed. It will now be called forth yet more strongly. Miss Toole, though very young, was a lady of solid attainments and varied interests, rather than of merely superficial accomplishments. On every ground there is reason for expressing the regret of every playgoer and every personal acquaintance that our excellent comedian has been called upon, in what is only the early autumn of his life, to suffer a wholly irreparable and immeasurable loss.

THE run of the "Dean's Daughter" is, as we expected, to be a short one at the St. James's. The piece is withdrawn to-night, and the theatre closed during next week. Let us trust that Mr. Rutland Barrington will see his way, next time, to amuse us by the bestowal of his talent as an actor and his personal popularity upon something better than what is after all a grotesque, though a skilled, caricature of an English church dignitary. And, though the British second-rate novelist—the sort of person whose disagreeable material is a good deal sought for by the managers of more than one of our fashionable theatres—is scarcely likely to have the opportunity of so far amending his vision as to see Society as it really is, we may yet hope that so clever a dramatist as